Sports Illustrated

APRIL 5, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

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Rockwell International



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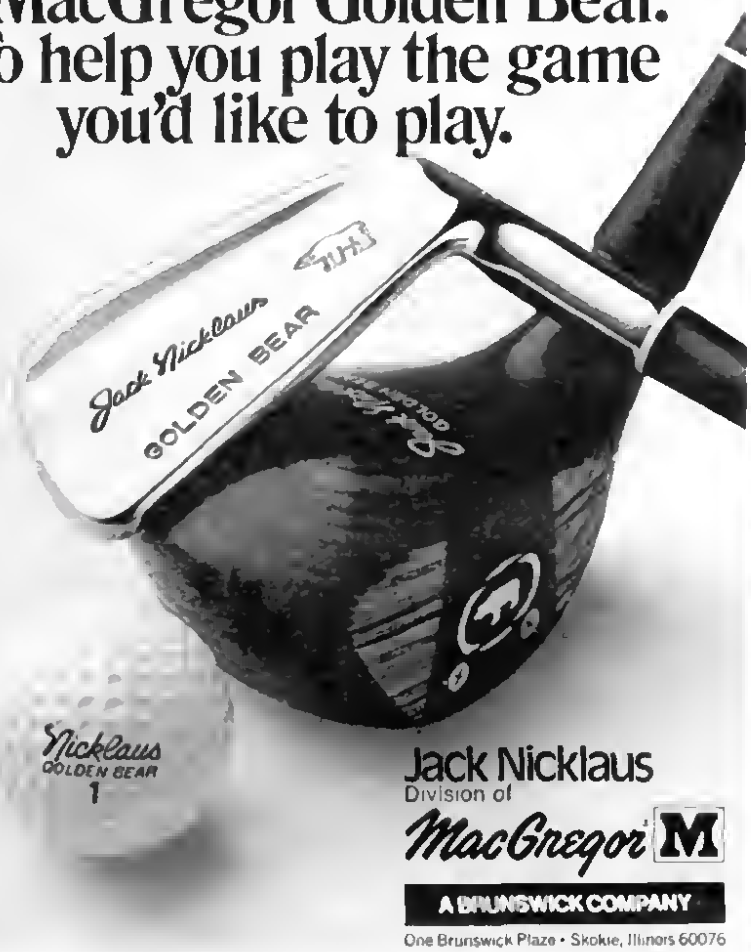


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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

HERE'S ACE, A RUNNING BACK WHO WAS BLESSED WITH EVERYTHING BUT SPEED

The narrator of *Westchester Bull*, a new novel by Sam Koperwas (Simon and Schuster, $7.95), is a celebrated football player whom we know only as "Ace." He is a football stud from the word go. "There's drive and ambition boiling inside me," he says. "Nobody stands in my way, I'm a tank with a head just full of steam."

But one of the story's several morals is that drive and ambition aren't always enough. You have to have talent, too, and in large quantities, to make the quantum leap from college ball to the pros. Ace doesn't have quite enough talent; he is "a 5-1 running back just like all the scouts say, no running back at all."

The novel is impressive because Koperwas has done a lot more than tell the story of a running back who has everything except speed. Ace is Jewish, and as a result the novel is opened up to a broad variety of thematic considerations. In part, it's a story about the futility of "running into brick walls for a lifetime." It's also about understanding one's own limitations and making the best of them.

Ace starred at the University of Minnesota ("... the top Jew in the state since Dylan") and beat Ohio State almost singlehandedly. Yet his headlines don't get him a wink in the pro draft, and he ends up toiling for the Westchester Bulls, a tatterdemalion minor-league club that plays in Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx. The coach, Vanamee, is a former pro lineman who inexplicably hates Ace and refuses to let him play.

Finally Ace forces his way into the lineup and performs brilliantly. But Vanamee, who controls his fate, tells him he has gone as far as he can go. Ace knows he is right, but he closes his narrative with a prayer. "Ace of Aces. Make me fast. In the end zone I will sing your praises. I swear it."

It would be easy to conclude that Ace's failure is a consequence of discrimination, and indeed there is an element of that—especially when Vanamee tells him, "You'll never get chosen." It seems to me, however, that Koperwas is saying that one makes it, or fails to make it, on one's own. Ace's final prayer is not that discrimination be ended; it is that he be made fast enough to run with the pros.

If the ending is poignant, it should be said that the novel is not. It is raucous, funny, irreverent. It is proof that football offers the novelist rich metaphoric possibilities. END

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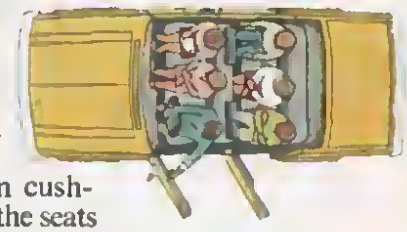
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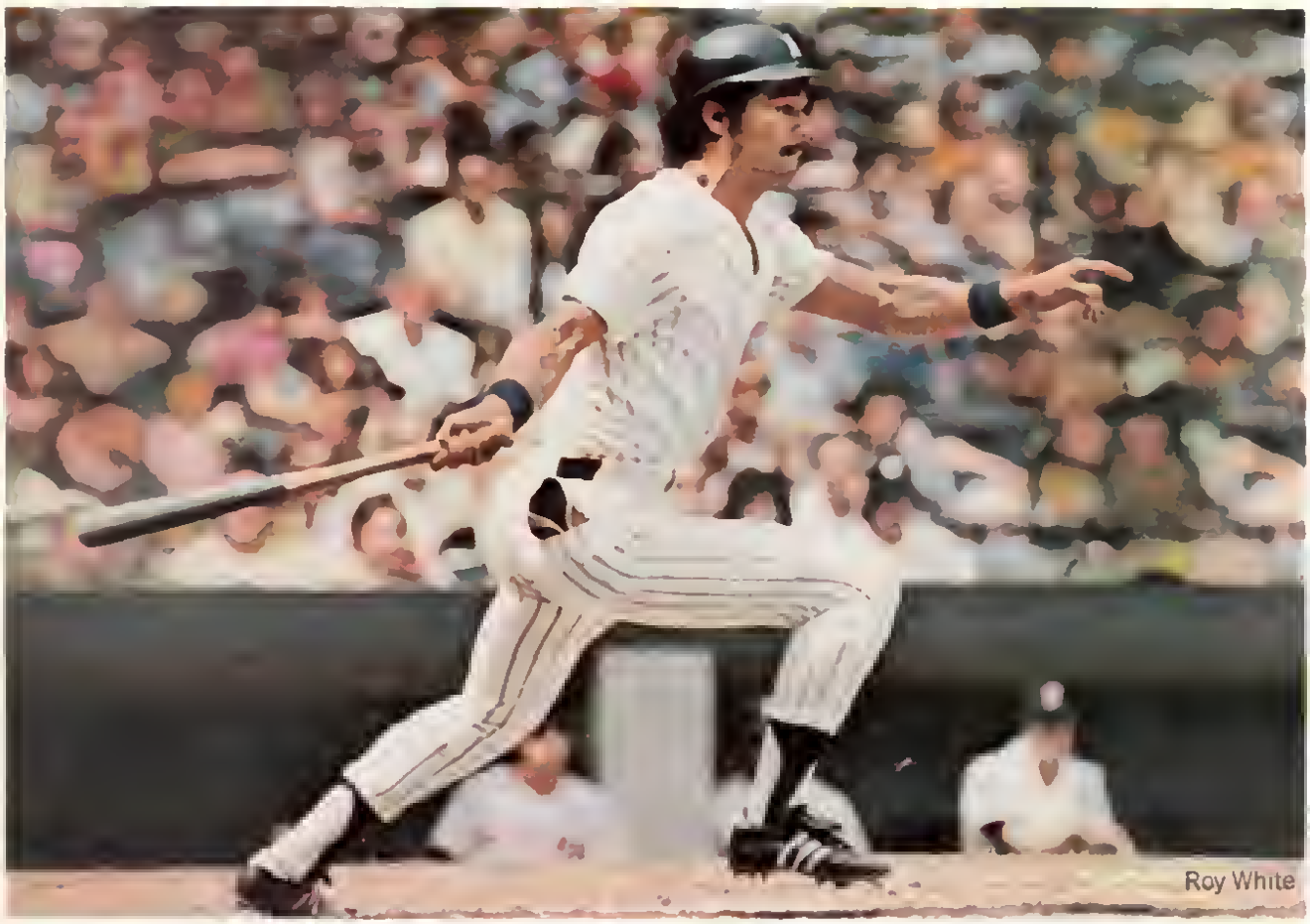
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Music Talk

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

FOR BRADSHAW, BELTING OUT COUNTRY MUSIC IS NOT JUST A PASSING FANCY

The old line probably originated with Red Grange. You know, "All he can do is run." And the rejoinder was, "And all Caruso could do was sing." Well, Terry Bradshaw of the Steelers can run and pass *and* sing. His recording of Hank Williams' *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry* is in *Billboard*'s Hot 100 and climbing on the national charts, and it deserves its ranking. Mercury, which recorded the single, has taken out a full-page ad in *Billboard* and will release a Bradshaw album soon.

I didn't catch Bradshaw's recent appearance at the Palomino, a first-rate country-singing club in L.A., but I did hear him in person at Steeler Dwight White's birthday party at a place called Bruiser's Pub in Latrobe, Pa. during training camp last summer. Many of the Steelers in attendance were drinking "depth charges," which are shots of whiskey dropped, glass and all, into mugs of beer. A carafe filled half with Coke and half with bourbon was being passed around. It was not an ideal group for an amateur to get up and sing in front of. But Bradshaw had been talking about his recent discovery in an airport by Tillman Franks, the same man who discovered Webb Pierce in a Sears Roebuck store, and his teammates evinced some curiosity as to how he might sound on a larger stage than his locker-room stool.

The featured Latin guitarist and his two Oriental vocalists finished their act. Bradshaw came on. He sang *I Can't Stop Loving You*.

"Hey," listeners exclaimed through a certain amount of fog. Then he sang *Release Me*. If Too Tall Jones had had a hold of Bradshaw at that moment, I believe he would have let him go. The man delivered real feeling. There was earnest applause. It isn't easy to elicit earnestness from pro football players in the evening after a workout.

Now maybe Bradshaw will write some country football songs, deriving images from the quarterbacking experience. Something like this.

They called it intentional grounding —
I went to her, she wasn't there
The foot of a cliff's where they found me—
I rolled out and took to the air,
Oh, why did I believe her
As my primary receiver?
I looked for her, she wasn't there.

END

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ART TALK

by ROSE MARY MECHEM

PUBLIC SALE IN A PRIVATE WORLD OF SHOW DOGS, MUTTS AND CURIOSITIES

A renewed interest in the late Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge and her strange tastes in art and life has been brought about by the public sale of part of her $85 million estate. Last fall, a five-day auction at Giralda Farms, near Madison, N.J., the first in a series of sales, attracted 100,000 buyers and curiosity seekers. The results were as spectacular as the contents were bizarre. $1.3 million, a world record for a house sale. Auctions have continued through the winter, six in all, at Sotheby Parke-Bernet's New York galleries.

Next month the last of the Dodge estate will be sold. Some of the items are among the most valuable works in the collection, including 25 paintings by Rosa Bonheur. The entire group is expected to raise $500,000, bringing the total sale to nearly $7 million.

Mrs. Dodge, who died two years ago at the age of 91, would have been unimpressed. She was a woman obsessed, but not with figures. She was obsessed with animals, especially dogs. And she was obsessed with objects and with art — paintings, bells, jewelry, coins, bronzes, casts of hands, candelabra, door knockers, vases, clocks. She collected them by the scores, by the hundreds and by the thousands. But of all her possessions none was as precious to her as privacy.

Mrs. Dodge was the niece of John D. Rockefeller and wife of Marcellus Hartley Dodge of Remington Arms. Her son was killed in a motor accident in France in 1930 when he was 22. In her grief she became almost a recluse at Giralda, the 400-acre estate named for the patron saint of orphans.

Over the years she owned 85 different breeds of dogs, and she helped popularize the English cocker spaniel and the German shepherd in this country. Her dogs twice won best-in-show at Westminster. In 1933 she became the show's first woman judge of best-in-show, a distinction some were rude enough to suggest may have been motivated by a desire to remove her from competition.

She was known as the "first lady of dogdom," and there were seldom fewer than 100 dogs in her kennels. Many had their own quarters (6'x6'x6') with private fenced-in yard. Pregnant females were confined in a separate maternity cottage. Puppies also had their own house, a revolving structure that followed the sun to keep them warm all day.

She had her dogs' portraits done — romantic watercolors in pastel shades by the English painter Ward Binks. The portrait of a basset hound named Lloyd brought $750 in the public auction, seven times what the appraisers figured it was worth.

Mrs. Dodge always kept at least half a dozen dogs in her 30-room mansion—"the worst dogs in the place," according to Edwin J. Sayres, her longtime friend and estate superintendent. "They were her pensioners." She had a door built in her bedroom so they could go in and out without disturbing the rest of the house. At seven in the morning she would venture forth in a runabout harnessed to a Shetland pony. She would drive to the kennels, pick up 10 dogs and drive for an hour, the dogs running alongside, till the pony got tired.

Every year for 30 years the Morris & Essex dog show was held at Giralda—perhaps the swankiest event of its kind in the world. At its peak the show attracted 40,000 spectators and more than 4,000 dogs. Bright-topped canvas tents ringed the polo field, providing shelter for dogs, handlers, food and trophies. Sixty-five show rings, each with a red runway bordered with flowers, filled the central arena. There was a judge for nearly every breed.

The Morris & Essex must have been an ordeal for a woman who didn't like commotion and craved seclusion. In 1958 she abruptly announced the cancellation of the show. "While show dogs usually live a good life," said Mrs. Dodge in a prepared statement, "there are thousands less fortunate and in desperate need of help. To this unhappy segment of dogdom I now give top priority of my time and strength."

The objects of her affection were now the down-and-out canines of the neighboring communities. Mrs. Dodge called them her All-Americans. The same meticulous attention she had given to her best-of-breeds she focused on developing her animal shelter, St. Hubert's Giralda. An ambulance with a two-way radio patrolled the streets 24 hours a day on the lookout for dogs in distress. A warden service kept dogs off the highways, broke up dog packs, controlled rabies. An education unit published and distributed information on dog care and organized lectures and film showings for children. An adoption agency was organized to find homes for strays.

Today a low stucco building on the west edge of Giralda houses the shelter's kennels, first-aid room and canine library. An endowment of $2.85 million will help make ends meet.

The last litter of Mrs. Dodge's show dogs was whelped in 1959. The final survivor, a pointer, died in February at St. Hubert's Giralda, where it is said he had asserted his position over his underprivileged brothers and sisters and reigned as top dog. END

here's johnny!



My life is full of crowds and excitement and I love it. But, there are times when it feels real good to just get away and take it easy. And one of my favorite get-away outfits is this new casual suit from my Spring Collection. I think the styling is sensational, particularly the pocket treatment. And it feels absolutely terrific. The difference is Trevira®."

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

CHAOS I

Amid the turmoil of the contract discussions between owners and players in major league baseball and professional football there has persisted a feeling that when things are settled peace and serenity will reign in the world of sport. Andy Robustelli, the staunchly conservative director of operations for the New York Giants, disagrees.

"People keep hoping we'll settle with the players and get on with the games so that they won't have to hear about our labor troubles anymore," says Robustelli. "Well, things aren't going to happen that way. The old days are gone. From now on the players are always going to find something they want changed. The present era of confusion and acrimony in football and baseball isn't something crazy between two eras of peace and quiet. This is the normal way now."

CHAOS II

Even though the National and American Leagues are integral parts of the same sport, they disagree on such things as interleague play, the designated hitter rule, umpiring methods. Last Friday a more serious rift developed when the American League, operating independently, beat the National into the lucrative territory of Toronto by awarding a 1977 expansion franchise to that city. The National League, planning to meet this past Monday to consider expanding into Toronto itself, was miffed, but to whom could it protest? Theoretically, organized baseball is a unit headed by a commissioner to whom the two leagues are subordinate. But the owners in both leagues have been undercutting the commissioner's power for years, and the authority he once held is gone. He had no say in the Toronto matter. His opinion was not sought and he was not informed of what the American League had done until after it had taken place.

The owners, who talk of the need for discipline among the players but do not care for it themselves, see no danger in not having a strong central authority. But what if a grave disagreement develops between the leagues—on such matters as Toronto, for example, or network television contracts or the proper approach to the players on the reserve-clause problem? How long will it take for the rift to develop into open war, one circuit bidding against the other for players or threatening not to play the World Series if certain conditions are not met?

Farfetched? Perhaps. But by acting independently the leagues are moving baseball back to where it was 60 years ago, before Judge Landis, the game's first commissioner, brought order and direction to a chaotic situation.

ONE HAND WASHETH THE OTHER

In the spring, want ads in *The Atlanta Journal* and *Constitution* not so lightly turn to thoughts of Masters tickets. With golf's first major tournament of the year fast approaching (*page 32*), appeals such as "Need Masters Tickets" and "Any Masters Tickets For Sale?" and even "Desperately Need 4 Tickets To Masters" appear regularly in the personals columns. One day a Masters ad was followed, perhaps significantly, by a message from a religious group declaring "God Answers Prayer." But a little farther down the page another ticket seeker, eschewing prayer for the moment, took a more practical approach. His message read, "Will Trade 2 good Kentucky Derby Seats on May 1 for 2 Masters Tickets April 9 and 10." Now that is ecumenism.

SIZING THEM UP

Anthropologists may question his findings, but Bud Moore, football coach at the University of Kansas, says body types vary according to the section of the country you are in.

"It's kind of strange," he admits, while declaring that he has noticed a different physical pattern in each of the four conferences in which he has coached: Southwest, Atlantic Coast, Southeastern and Big Eight. "Players in the Southwest Conference are generally taller and rangier," he says. "In the Atlantic Coast they are stronger but not as tall, not as quick and speedy. In the Southeastern they're smaller and quicker, though they're bigger than they used to be. In the Big Eight we have both size and speed. Maybe that explains our winning record against nonconference opponents."

Moore has no theories to explain the differences. "I guess it's just the way folks grow," he says. "Maybe it's something in the soil."

DAMAGED GOODS

Hockey players are tough. Some professional athletes baby themselves when they are hurt, but injured hockey players seem interested only in how quickly they can return to action.

"I'm convinced hockey players have



a little more guts than other athletes," says Peter Demers, trainer of the Los Angeles Kings. "They're always playing bruised. They play when other athletes wouldn't. Stitches don't even count. They consider cuts merely nuisances."

Demers keeps track of his players' injuries and ailments in a notebook. Here is the 1974-75 rundown on Defenseman Bob Murdoch:

Nov. 2. Flu virus, did not practice.

Nov. 3. Better today but has sore throat and mouth sores.

Nov. 5. Slight contusion left quad. in game at St. Louis.

continued

Nov. 19. Cordran Lotion for rash.

Dec. 14. Laceration (puck) left side of jaw. Cut to the bone. Sutured by doctor in New York.

Dec. 20. Given medication (tablets) for rash.

Jan. 4. Twisted left knee. Sprained medial collateral ligament. Iced. Examined by Dr. Lombardo.

Jan. 6. Knee X-rayed.

Jan. 9. Knee still sore. Heat before game. Ice after.

Jan. 19. Laceration left side of nose sutured by doctor in Montreal.

Jan. 26. Sutures removed.

Feb. 13. Sprained right wrist. Taped for practice.

Feb. 22. Fractured nose (fight). Examined by Dr. Carter. Sent to hospital. Fracture reduced by specialist. Cast applied to nose. O.K. to play with cast.

Mar. 3. Examined by specialist. Nose looks pretty good. Should wear protective shield while playing (2 more weeks).

Mar. 20. Shield removed from helmet.

Mar. 28. Laceration left eyebrow. Sutured in Vancouver.

Apr. 1. Sprained ligament left elbow. Examined by doctor in K.C. Ice.

Apr. 6. Laceration on forehead. Sutured by doctor in Oakland.

Apr. 7. Has headache and swelling at laceration. Seen by Dr. Kerlan.

Apr. 10. Sprain right shoulder. Ice. Painful. Checked by Dr. Lombardo.

Murdoch didn't miss a game.

STATUS (OUCH) QUO

The National Football League has declined to make the rules protecting quarterbacks more stringent, declaring that films showing quarterbacks being injured reveal no infractions of current regulations that prohibit the quarterback from being hit by a defensive player after he has thrown the ball.

John Madden, coach of the Oakland Raiders, was among those asking for a stricter rule. "What I am asking," said Madden, "is that officials give the quarterback, who is so vulnerable to injury, more protection once he has released the ball. Something like the protection given the punter. My God, a quarterback has to almost be killed before anyone gets penalized for hitting him. Remember Terry Bradshaw in the Super Bowl? He hit Lynn Swann with the winning touchdown pass and doesn't even remember it. He never saw the ball caught because he was flat on his butt."

Madden said he was not trying to keep linemen away from a quarterback when he is preparing to throw, or when he is rolling out or running with the ball.

"My only thought is to protect him after he has released the ball," the Oakland coach said. "That's when he is most vulnerable to injury. He has no protection when he is all stretched out in the throwing position. It's terrible. You always see the poor guy lying there looking at the game through the earhole in his helmet."

Repeat: the National Football League has declined to make the rules protecting quarterbacks more stringent, declaring that films showing quarterbacks being injured reveal no infractions of current regulations. . . .

MULISH

One peculiar strain of the virus known as Bicentennial fever provokes its victims into attempting all sorts of cross-country endeavors—running, bike riding, maybe even pushing a peanut by nose from coast to coast. President Ford has suggested no vaccine to cope with it, so we might as well report on The Great American Horse Race, in which some 150 riders will leave Saratoga Springs, N.Y. on Memorial Day and race more than 3,000 miles across the U.S. to Sacramento, arriving in September.

One of the entrants in the $50,000 race is Eva Taylor of Discovery Bay, Wash., who is in the contest to win and to promote mules. Eva proposes to ride a mule—or, really, two mules, since each rider is allowed two mounts. Her favorite is Hugo, with whom she has won endurance races against horses. Eva says mules have harder feet than horses, can cope with heat better and are generally tougher. The standard gait in endurance races is a trot, and Eva's "seat" for this gait is odd. She stands up in the stirrups for 10 to 12 miles at a stretch. "If anything gets blisters," she explains, "it'll be the balls of my feet."

CAN'T MISS

The youngest person to make a hole in one in 1975 was 8-year-old Bradley Johnson, a talented youngster from Dayton, Ohio who stroked the ball into the cup on the eighth hole at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Bradley got his name in the papers (got it in some magazines, too, obviously), which isn't surprising, since most people who shoot a hole in one are written up somewhere. What is surprising is that a hole in one is still an occasion for surprise and comment. *Golf Digest*, which keeps track of this sort of thing, reports that in 1975 there were 26,267 of them. That works out to about 505 a week, 72 a day. If you figure that golf can be played only about 12 hours a day in most places, that means there is an ace somewhere every 10 minutes. What else is news?

EIGHT-HAND EXERCISE

Along the coast of eastern Africa some adventurous divers like to hunt out octopuses. They sometimes subdue the creature by reaching into its mantle and pulling it inside out—with a whomp. Scuba divers in the American Northwest also consider it sport to wrestle octopuses, which can weigh up to 100 pounds. The divers lure their well-armed opponents from crannies with chemicals that sometimes kill.

The Washington State Fisheries Department, noting that the octopus population in certain areas of Puget Sound is being reduced, has issued a stern warning that wrestling octopuses will no longer be tolerated. Said a spokesman from the American Museum of Natural History when he heard of the activity, "This is sport?"

MIRROR IMAGE

The New York Knickerbockers have Earl (the Pearl) Monroe, whose distinctive nickname is responsible for the one given to a star of the Wayland (Texas) Baptist Flying Queens who reached the semifinals of the AIAW basketball championship (*page 50*). She's known as Pearl (the Earl) Worrell.

THEY SAID IT

- Gaius Maecenas, Roman statesman (70-8 B.C.), on the Olympic Games: "Cities should not waste their resources on expenditure for a large number and variety of Games, lest they exhaust themselves in futile exertion and quarrel over unreasonable desire for glory."
- Major General Roland Reid, military coordinator for the Montreal Olympics: "The only way to get 100%, security is to have everybody stay home."
- Barry Switzer, football coach at Oklahoma, asked whether he will stick with the wishbone: "Well, since we're 54-3-1 with it, I suppose we will." **END**

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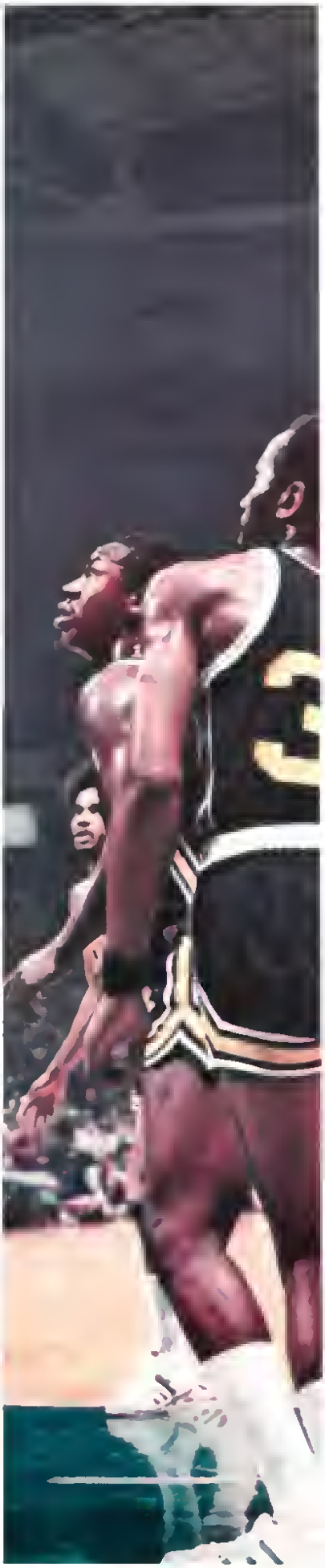
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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 5, 1976



INDIANA MAKES ITS POINT

In fact the Hoosiers made 86 of them, enough to whip Michigan for the NCAA title and place a period to a perfect season

by BARRY McDERMOTT

In the city of the Liberty Bell, Indiana repaired the hairline crack in its image, chucked the yoke of misfortune that hung from its neck for a year and realized its destiny. The Hoosiers of Bobby Knight won the NCAA championship in Philadelphia last Monday night. Freedom, sweet freedom. This team finally reached the end of its rainbow, without getting hit by lightning.

Indiana did it with a flourish as conspicuous as John Hancock's signature, using a harrying defense and a brilliant offense to wear down a gallant Michigan team 86–68 in the Spectrum. And they accomplished it without Bobby Wilkerson, their lanky starting guard, who was knocked senseless in the opening minutes and taken to a hospital while visions of last year's disaster rolled like a nightmare through the Indiana fans in the crowd. But this time there would be no such outcome. Indiana would not lose the way it did to Kentucky in the finals of the 1975 Mideast Regional, the only blot on its record in two seasons. The Hoosiers turned the tide of the game in the second half, denying Michigan the open space it needed, and ultimately reduced their opponents to sheep in Wolverines' clothing.

It was vindication for Knight, a resolute and fanatical man who came out of the small town of Orrville, Ohio and became, at 35, one of the youngest coaches ever to win the NCAA crown, a person loved by many, hated by a few and understood by almost no one. "This was a two-year quest," said Knight after the

continued



Airborne Buckner lifts Hoosier hopes that had plummeted when Wilkerson was kayoed.

game. Even in triumph he remained doomed to the treadmill. Once is not enough for the driven people. "I'm not paid to relax," he said. "I'll be on the train tomorrow morning. Recruiting."

Indiana won because of the big things, such as Scott May's 26 points and Kent Benson's 25, which along with his inside domination that wrecked Michigan won the massive center the Most Valuable Player award. But also because of the little things—all of the long and late practices spent endlessly repeating the dull but demanding essentials until there is not the slightest ripple of eccentricity, only the hum of polished machinery. When Knight saw Wilkerson sprawled on the floor just under three minutes into the game, his first thought was, "What's my best replacement?"

The best replacement turned out to be Jim Wisman, the same player whose jersey Knight once almost tore off in a game—ironically enough, against Michigan during the regular season. This time Wisman delighted his coach. He directed the offense perfectly, following instructions to get the ball inside to the big men as Michigan, bruised by foul trouble, tried to play loose. Despite that effort, Center Phil Hubbard and defensive specialist Wayman Britt fouled out of the game, and with their exits Michigan crumbled.

Until then the Wolverines, though twice beaten by Indiana during the Big Ten schedule, clawed and scratched and harried the Hoosiers, forcing them into uncommon errors. Led by Guard Rickey Green, Michigan took a 35–29 lead to the dressing room at halftime, secure in the knowledge that it had shot 61.5% and outrebounded Indiana.

Earlier in the day the Boston Celtics' John Havlicek, a teammate of Knight's on Ohio State's 1960 NCAA champions, had addressed the Indiana players. Now at halftime it was the coach's turn and whatever he said had the required effect. Five minutes into the second half the score was tied and Michigan's tongues were starting to grow cotton. And when Indiana went up 69–59 with five minutes left, it was all over. The Hoosiers do not let leads like that get away.

It was an impressive victory, and one to be savored. "You don't know what we go through in practice," said Indiana freshman reserve Rich Valavicius. "We work so hard. The coach is the boss here."

Throughout the week Knight exhibited the total control he has of his team. During a workout on Friday a hand signal was all he needed to put an end to some frivolous byplay. And after the Michigan game he still was monitoring his players' answers to reporters' questions. And they bent to his pressure like pets looking for a caress. "He's made me a better person," said senior Quinn Buckner. May, also a senior, said, "The first time we met I saw in his eyes that this guy is all right." And Benson said, "Without him, we'd never be here."

Indiana and Michigan had reached the finals on Saturday afternoon with surprising ease, knocking off UCLA and Rutgers by 14 and 16 points respectively in a couple of yawners. In both cases the margin, at least, was surprising. In UCLA, Indiana faced not only the defending champion but an opponent with a score to settle—20 points worth of score. Humiliated 84–64 by the Hoosiers in the opening game of the season, their first under new Coach Gene Bartow, the Bruins had regrouped, won the Pac Eight and moved easily through the West Regional. Now they came to Philadelphia in no mood for brotherly love. Starting Guard Ray Townsend was so keyed up he broke out in a rash.

Townsend was one of two new faces in the lineup since the Indiana debacle. The other was David Greenwood, a freshman center who was just plain rash. "Lonnie Shelton of Oregon State is the best center I've guarded," said Greenwood. "Benson's not in his class. I've never feared any player. I know what he does and he doesn't know one thing about me. He has to worry about the freshman showing up the All-America."

Indiana has a remarkable ability to get emotionally ready for each game. Considering that they had destroyed UCLA

Drawing in the defense, Green of Michigan prepares to pass to Robinson for an easy two.



once, the Hoosiers might have been excused for showing a surplus of confidence, but Knight was in no mood for excuses. Perhaps his biggest headache was how to handle Richard Washington, the Bruins' sharp-shooting 6′10″ forward who was the star of the 1975 NCAA championship. Since May and Tom Abernethy are considerably shorter, Knight decided to put the 6′11″ Benson on Washington. Good on paper, perhaps, but bad on the court. Before the game was two minutes old Washington had scored five points, the Bruins had a 7–2 lead and, worst of all, Benson had committed two fouls. Time out, Indiana.

When play resumed, Abernethy was guarding Washington, doing it so well that the UCLA star did not score again until 13 minutes were left in the game, and by then the Hoosiers had things under control. UCLA's weakness in the backcourt, which had troubled Bartow beforehand, was never more glaring, and once Indiana realized it could not be hurt by outside shooting from the UCLA guards, the Hoosiers sagged, clogging the middle. Marques Johnson, the other fine UCLA forward, rarely saw the ball and Washington had to go looking for it on the perimeter, making him the tallest guard in America.

Control swung to Indiana midway in the first half, and by intermission the Hoosiers led 34–26. Even though May was having the kind of lukewarm afternoon he has once every leap year, Indiana was able to widen the lead to 45–32 with 13:20 left.

Then the cocky Greenwood, who had been benched in the opening half, began grabbing every rebound in sight, and UCLA made it 48–42 with more than eight minutes left. But after a time-out, Indiana slowly and patiently worked the ball around, running the Bruins through a maze of screens before Abernethy, who is All-Unsung, broke loose underneath for an easy basket. You could hear the generators go off in the UCLA boiler room. At the far end of the press section a man in his mid-60s sat in silence. John Wooden, who coached UCLA to 10 national titles, could do nothing to help.

The rest of the way the Hoosiers conducted a clinic in the delay game, neatly snapping around their passes and winning 65–51. "They made us feel very helpless, just like North Carolina State did two years ago," said Johnson.

If Indiana's victory over UCLA was easy, Michigan's over Rutgers was, well, a little sad. The Scarlet Knights arrived in Philadelphia with a 31-0 record. Three of their players wore beards, an unofficial NCAA record, and the team had an exciting, racehorse style, playing as if time was about to run out. The one major criticism leveled at the team was its meatless schedule, a charge that the Knights only dated losers. "Why do we have to apologize for being unbeaten?" said Coach Tom Young before the game.

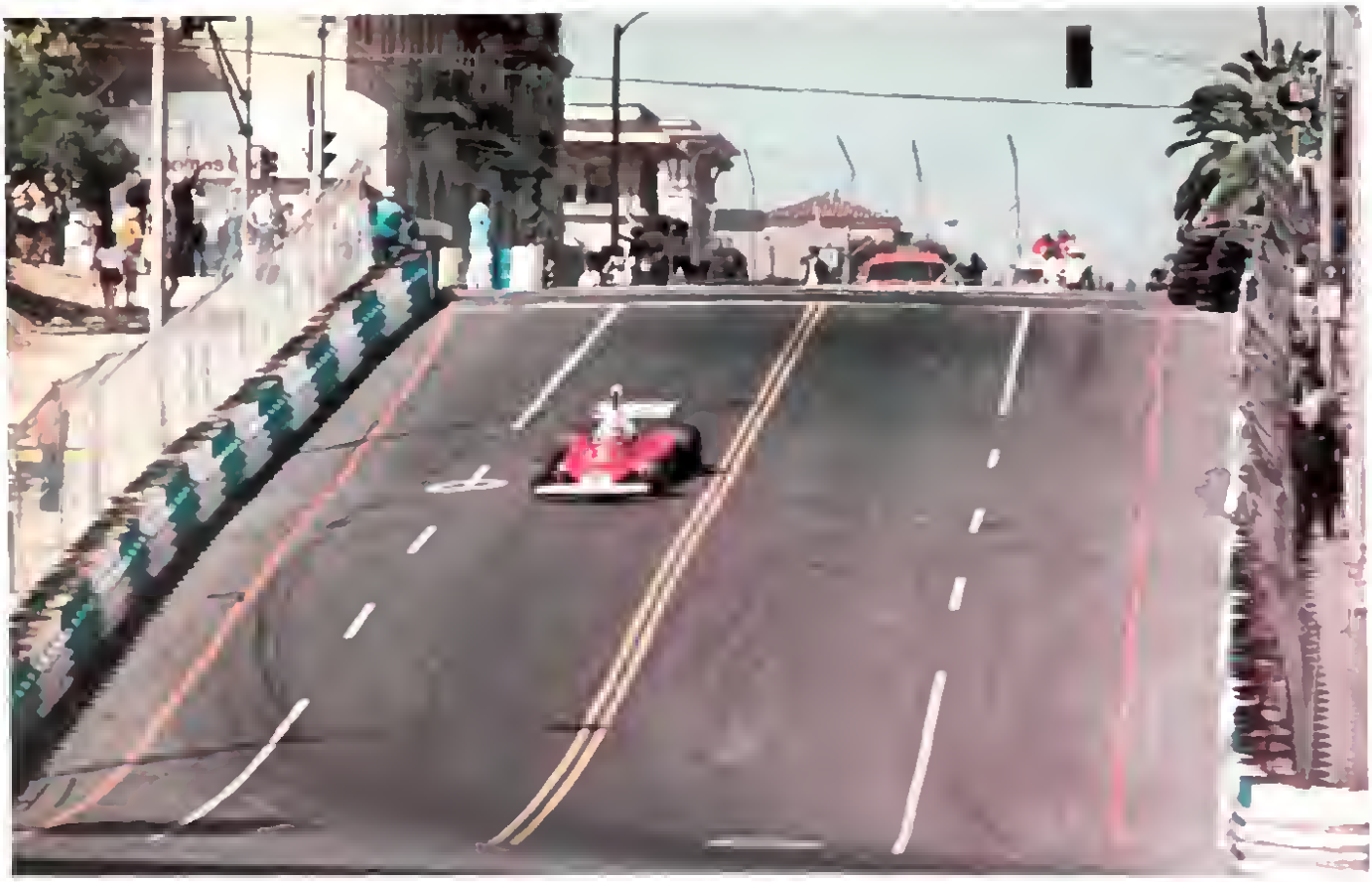
Against Michigan the Knights looked eminently beatable, from the very beginning. They shot miserably, playing a holding defense that leaked layins, and never found a way to clip the wings of Michigan's fleet Green. Before the game, Rutgers reserves Mark Conlin and Steve Hefele had mused about what they would do if they won the national title. "I don't know," said Conlin, "I'd probably just go to sleep." Which is what Rutgers did.

The team's floor leader, Ed Jordan, picked up two offensive fouls trying to drive past the flitting Green; Phil Sellers shot as if the rim were in motion; in the first 10 minutes Rutgers missed a half dozen close-in shots. Everyone got anxious, and suddenly the team was in serious trouble. Before it played Michigan, Rutgers had not trailed all season by more than seven points. Now it was down 17 with about a minute before halftime and, worse, thinking "no, I can't" instead of "yes, I can" whenever it threw a pass or took a shot. The second half wasn't any better. The margin became 23 before the Wolverines eased off, winning 86–70, leaving Rutgers no longer undefeated, just unimpressive. "We're just back to being normal citizens again," said Rutgers' Mike Dabney.

Two days later, after losing to Indiana for the third time this season, Michigan knew just how Rutgers felt. **END**

Fancier, but same result: Indiana's Buckner flips backwards to Benson as Greenwood paws air





Roller-coastering through the 12-degree swoop of Linden Avenue Ferrari's Clay Regazzoni escaped an anticipated showdown to seize victory

UP, DOWN AND ALL AROUND TOWN

Twenty racers rolled away in the Grand Prix West at Long Beach and only 12 came home But between breakdowns and crashes the best battle of all was a controversial cutoff at the pass

by ROBERT F. JONES

What the organizing band of motorsports magicians achieved at Long Beach last weekend was nothing less than a full-bore miracle. In a mere six months since they reintroduced America to big-time racing through real city streets with their Formula 5000 race last September, they achieved two more equally impressive automotive feats: 1) parity with the Grand Prix of Monaco as a status event and 2) instant controversy.

The fascination of Americans, obsessed as they are with color and quick history, was readily explicable. Long Beach is a city of the old and the oily, a clean, well-lighted place that nonetheless rings with dark reverberations of the past. It is a tough old wildcatters' town, a Navy liberty port as wicked as any on either coast, a place blessed by sunlight and cosmetic architecture and history. It differs from Monaco mainly in its specific gravity, which more closely approximates blood than *vin du pays*. In short, it is a grand locale for anything rich and dangerous, particularly a Formula I motor race.

The controversy grew from the environment. Long Beach's 12-cornered, 2.02-mile road course is tight and demanding, as ruinous of suspensions, drive-trains and brakes as it is of human tempers. Only 12 of the 20 cars that began last Sunday's U.S. Grand Prix West managed to finish. The machines that failed were literally bumped out of contention in crashes that fortunately resulted in no injuries worse than a strained neck (for Team Lotus's Gunnar Nilsson) and a gasoline-seared derrière (for Team Tyrrell's Jody Scheckter). Third-place finisher Patrick Depailler, driving another blue Tyrrell 007, almost ended up as blood-red as the victorious Ferraris of Clay Regazzoni and Niki Lauda. Young Depailler rashly shut the gate on England's James Hunt on the fourth lap of the 80-lap event, thus preventing a true test of Ferrari's staying power and precipitating an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation after the checkered flag, the likes of which this usually gentlemanly sport has rarely witnessed.

"You cocked up, Patrick," said Hunt after the race. Sipping angrily at a beer and puffing a cigarette, he stared the Frenchman in the eye, as hard and mean as any Englishman of the Horatio Hornblower era. "If you didn't know I was trying to pass you, then you must learn to drive."

"I am sorry, James," stuttered Depailler, "but I did not see you."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

"Rubbish," answered Hunt. "Oh, what's the use of arguing?"

But there *was* good reason for argument. Had Hunt remained in the race for the whole distance, it is possible that the pressure on the Ferraris would have caused breakage. During practice and qualifying runs earlier in the week, Ferrari's world champion Lauda managed to shear two drive shafts, proving that the highly touted "traction" of the Italian cars was as susceptible to destructive overtorque as any others. Still, the Hunt-Depailler-Ferrari question only added spice to the peppery weekend.

Fittingly for the occasion, nostalgia also was abundant. Qualifying day, which saw Regazzoni take the pole with an agile, long-geared run at an average speed of 87.51 mph, also witnessed the most poignant roaring of the week. A vintage-car race served up many of the sport's best surviving drivers as happy participants. Dan Gurney, one of the Grand Prix West's originators and driving forces, won the seven-lap event in a 1959 BRM. Juan Manuel Fangio, five times world champion and the sport's most revered figure, finished third but ran the fastest lap, 70 miles an hour, in the Mercedes with which he had won the 1955 Argentinian Grand Prix. Watching the old master in his yellow polo shirt and flimsy helmet, his head bent to the corners and his thick forearms working the wheel as vigorously as of old, was a time trip of Wellsian magnitude. Jack Brabham, Denny Hulme, Maurice Trintignant, Carroll Shelby, Rene Dreyfus and Richie Ginther also finished, while such other oldtimers as Phil Hill (SI, March 22) managed only to break their antiquated cars, as in times gone by—and as if to preview the modern race to come.

With a crowd of fully 100,000 on hand, the race began under a cool, breezy sun and with little apprehension. Long Beach is a safe course. That it was also exciting was about to be demonstrated. Blowing down the Ocean Boulevard straightaway from a standing start, Italy's Vittorio Brambilla and Argentina's Carlos Reutemann bumped in Turn One, for the day's first shunt. Brambilla, a practitioner of the collisionist's art, ended up against the worn-tire barrier, while Reutemann made it down the car-eating Linden Avenue drop, only to choke out shortly beyond. Regazzoni, always a good drag racer, beat everybody down the 12-degree bobsled run of Linden Avenue. But Hunt was already challenging from his third-place spot on the staggered starting grid, opening a good lead on Lauda as the cars sped down the 190-mph Shoreline straight. Depailler, who had started second on the grid, was already showing signs of weakness—in the form of bad brakes, as he would later explain.

As the leaders began the fourth lap, Hunt felt the time was right to move up. He dove on Depailler down the Linden Avenue ramp as fiercely as a Spitfire on a Stuka. In Turn Two, a 90-degree wrenching lefthander just at the bottom of the hill, the Frenchman bumped his right rear tire on the wall. Hunt set up to pass him on the right, but Depailler held close to the outside through Turn Three. As the two cars approached Turn Four, a sweeping horseshoe to the left, Hunt shifted over to the other side of the track, assuming that Depailler would let him by. Not so. When the two approached the hairpin bend at the Villa Riviera Hotel, Depailler suddenly cut in front of Hunt, braking hard and far too early. The unexpected maneuver stuck Hunt into the wall as he hit his own brakes. The front end of his McLaren was crumpled by the 80-mph impact, bent beyond possible repair.

Hunt stood in the road as corner workers fretted, waiting for Depailler to pass again. Other race cars whipped past, like bulls at a matador's knees. His blond hair wet with sweat, his usually placid, almost small-boyish features twisted with anger, Hunt waited for Depailler. Then he shook his fist at him.

Regazzoni led from start to finish. Mario Andretti, who had started 15th in his Parnelli Jones machine, made a valiant charge to seventh place before a water hose burst, drenching both him and his chances. South Africa's Jody Scheckter, in his Elf-Tyrrell, ran up to third place from 11th, but then locked his brakes and ticked the wall in the escape road out of Ocean Boulevard. The impact ruptured the gas tanks and Jody received liquid gasoline burns on the place where he sits. He went into a convenient pub, pulled off his pants, wrapped himself in a blanket and had an angry drink.

Lauda, meanwhile, kept close watch on his teammate's flank, preparing to stave off enemy attacks, although less obviously than Regazzoni had done for him during last October's U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen. Depailler held on for third. And that was it.

After the race, which verged on full-bore boring after the fourth lap, Hunt came into the press room, loaded for Frog. He drew a beer from the journalistic tap, bummed a cigarette from a journalistic friend and vented his spleen.

"He saw me. I could see his eyes on me in his mirror. He knew I was trying to get round him and he bloody well shut the gate."

Could Hunt have given Regazzoni and Lauda a run for the winner's share of the $265,000 in prize money?

"Bloody right."

Was there any sense in protesting Depailler's moves?

"None at all."

Still, it had been a fascinating weekend, full of Americana and European panache, good organization by the sponsors and odd developments both on track and off. Pity that the race hadn't been more exciting after the fourth lap. That was bad luck, wasn't it, James?

He dragged on his smoke, sipped his beer, thought perhaps of the way fortune tends to run against men at certain times. His pretty-boy features turned grim. Bad luck?

"Not really," said James Hunt. AND

While others growled, the winner grinned



A GOOD NABER GETS GUNNED DOWN

USC breezed to the team championship, but Tim Shaw blunted a bid from the Trojans' ace for individual supremacy **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

The long race was nearly over when the 2,000 fans packed into Brown University's Smith Swimming Center last Saturday night suddenly stood up shouting and thunderously stamped their feet. In the pool below them Tim Shaw was slipping smoothly through the water, inexorably edging farther and farther ahead of his nearest rival, obviously bound for an American record in the 1,650-yard freestyle. For Shaw, a freshman at Long Beach State, it would be his second such record in the NCAA swimming and diving championships, but the crowd's ear-splitting reaction that affirmed his emergence as the new king of college swimming seemed oddly out of place on a supposedly blase Ivy League campus.

What seemed odder still was that Shaw's crowd-pleasing deeds, coming less than four months before the Summer Olympics, may be as significant as any the 18-year-old Californian had achieved in the past. Just two months ago he received the Sullivan Award as the top amateur athlete of 1975, a year in which he held records in every freestyle event from 200 to 1,500 meters. Yet as the Olympics neared, most of Shaw's records had been broken, leaving him with only the 400.

A superb freestyler, Shaw may diversify.



The big shocker had come five weeks ago when Australia's Steve Holland reeled off a 15:10.89 in the 1,500, fully 10 seconds better than Shaw's mark. Meanwhile, Shaw had not been swimming well over the winter, raising fears that he might have had the ill luck to peak a year before the Olympics.

"I've been kind of plowing through the water this season," Shaw fretted while relaxing in a Providence motel room on the eve of the NCAA meet. "It's been only the last couple of weeks that I've started going better in workouts. I could use a couple of good swims here to prove I'm not slipping."

Shaw proceeded to prove it well enough to utterly overshadow a contest for the team championship that was, in fact, no contest at all. Southern Cal rolled up a near-record 398 points to take its third straight title in a rout, leaving Tennessee (237), UCLA (213) and fading superpower Indiana (199) to battle among themselves for the next three places. Coming armed both with depth and stars, Coach Peter Daland's Trojans had as many as four out of a possible six finalists in some races and missed making the finals in only three of the 16 swimming events. All told, USC took home seven firsts, a haul marred only by the fact that it was USC's star, freestyler-backstroker John Naber, who was deposed by Shaw as the dominant figure in collegiate ranks. Now a junior, Naber had won three events as a freshman, repeated as a sophomore and was seeking his seventh straight NCAA individual championship when he came up against Shaw in the opening swimming event of the four-day meet.

It was a classic matchup, pitting Naber, the American record holder in the 500 freestyle, against Shaw, whose 400-meter world record is the event's metric equivalent. While Shaw excels in 50-meter world-class pools, Naber has fared better in 25-yard pools like those in which the NCAAs are held, because of the more frequent turns. Naber is especially skilled at catapulting his 6' 6" body off the walls. "Tim will win the straightaways and I'll win the turns," he predicted before the 500. "It should be quite a race."

Unhappily for Naber, Shaw managed to hit the wall with some authority of his own, all but nullifying Naber's advantage. "I knew I couldn't let him beat me off the walls too much, so I really concentrated on my turns," Shaw said. He stayed pretty much at Naber's shoulder for the first 275 yards, surging into the lead just before the 300 mark, and then withstood several late charges. Naber's old record was 4:20.45, and both swimmers went under it, Shaw touching in 4:19.05, Naber in 4:19.71. Swallowing his disappointment, the ever-effusive Naber reached across the lane marker and held Shaw's hand aloft in triumph.

Although Naber was not entered in the 1,650, it was his record—15:09.51—that fell there, too. Shaw's time was 15:06.76, all the more impressive in that his closest rival, Southern Cal's Ron Orr, finished more than a pool length behind. For most of the way Shaw had not been pressed.

After the opening-night defeat, Naber recovered to take both the 100- and 200-yard backstrokes as well as swimming on USC teams that swept all three relay events, setting American records in two, the 400 free (2:57.54) and 800 free (6:33.13). Though the loss in the 500 stopped his streak, Naber's backstroke wins gave him an imposing eight NCAA individual titles. With his senior year yet to come—and with swimmers allowed to enter three individual events—he still remains a threat to break the NCAA career record of nine championships set by Washington's Jack Medica in the '30s and equaled by USC's Roy Saari in the '60s. He also remains the leading U.S.

Olympic hope in the backstroke, although the loss to Shaw momentarily tempered some big ideas he was nurturing regarding the 400 free.

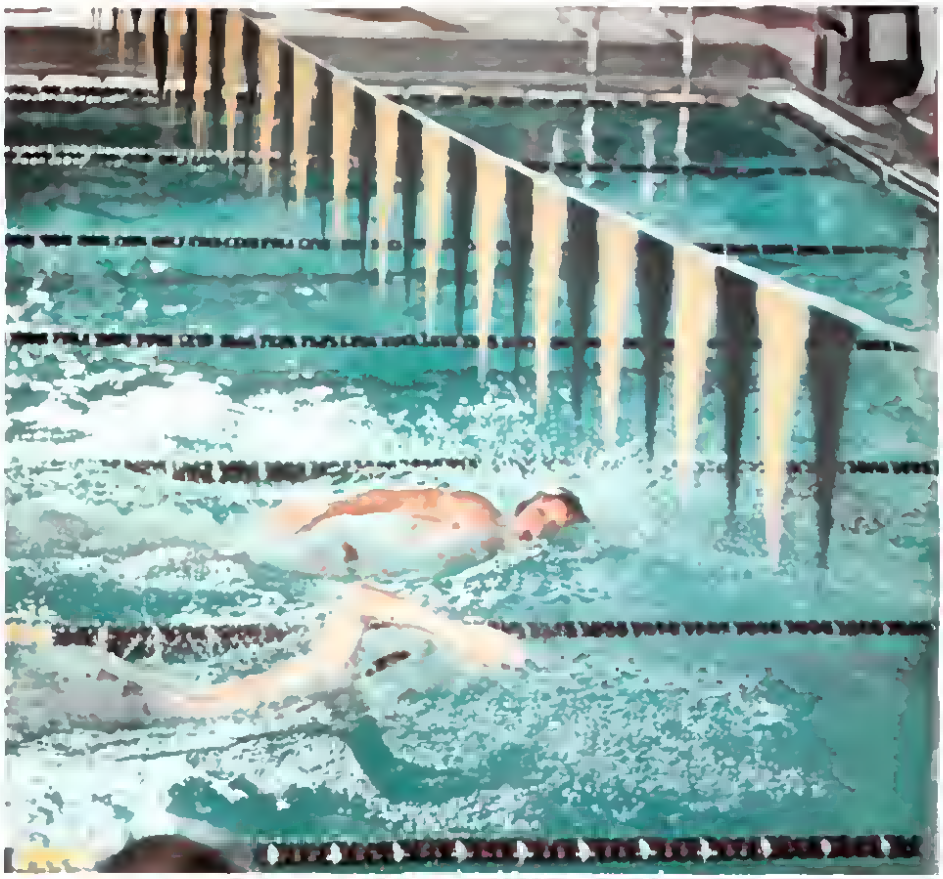
"I think I still might have a chance to make the U.S. team in the 400 and maybe win a medal," he said, "but I've got to be realistic about the gold. Tim will be very hard for anybody to beat."

With such Olympic speculation rampant around the Brown pool, the only certain conclusion is that the battle for the men's team in the U.S. Olympic Trials in June is going to be furious. A foretaste of what can be expected came in the 200-yard freestyle, an event in which Indiana's Jim Montgomery had set a U.S. record of 1:37.65 four weeks ago in the Big Ten meet. Arriving in Providence, Southern Cal freshman Bruce Furniss came off a recent siege with the flu to lower the record in a morning preliminary heat to 1:36.91, whereupon Montgomery outswam Furniss in the evening finals to grab it back with a 1:36.53. As everybody played keepaway with the records, it was forgivable that the dazzled public-address announcer mistakenly credited Furniss' short-lived record to Tim Shaw while the Providence *Journal-Bulletin* gave it to USC's Steve Furniss, Bruce's older brother who had finished second to yet another of the omnipresent Southern Californians, Rod Strachan, in the 400-yard individual medley held earlier the same evening.

Another torrid rivalry at Brown involved Stanford senior John Hencken, who outdid Miami's David Wilkie in the 100 breaststroke only to get whipped by Wilkie in the 200. Thus ended a four-year battle during which the two rivals monopolized their shared specialty, Hencken taking five of the eight breaststroke events staged during that period and Wilkie three. Wilkie is a British subject and he and Hencken seem destined to settle matters once and for all in Montreal, a confrontation intensified by the fact that they are barely on speaking terms.

"I don't know exactly why, but we've always avoided each other," said Hencken, groping to explain the coolness. "I guess we're trying to psych each other out or something."

"It's not exactly a clash of personalities," offered Wilkie, who had finished second to Hencken in Munich at the last Summer Games. "In fact, maybe it's because our personalities are too much alike. He's quiet and so am I."



Naber (nearest to camera) swam a record 500, but Long Beach's Shaw was even faster.

In contrast, Tim Shaw's recent problems had to do strictly with swimming, not personalities. He swam sluggishly during much of Long Beach State's dual-meet season, and at one point was even beaten in the 200-yard freestyle by Brigham Young's Mark McGregor, a swimmer so unheralded that, recounting the setback recently, Shaw had to ask his coach, Dick Jochums, for McGregor's name. After that loss, Shaw went around his family home, which is less than a mile from the Long Beach campus, systematically putting out of sight all his swimming plaques that had been on display. The Sullivan trophy, which had occupied a place of honor in the living room, was banished to his parents' bedroom.

"I just realized that it's hard to have incentives with all those awards around," Shaw explained. "It's like saying that's where my career ends, and I don't want to feel that way at all, especially right now. That stuff represents the past and I've got to concentrate on the future."

What the future holds for Shaw, among other things, is a likely showdown in the 1,500 with Australia's Holland, which he must somehow train for while simultaneously getting ready for the 400 and 200. The nature of that challenge was dramatized at the NCAAs, where Shaw collected his two American records in the 1,650 and the 500, yet ended up third behind Montgomery and Bruce Furniss in the 200. "I haven't done much speed work yet," he said after his loss. "That will have to come later."

As if Shaw's freestyle program will not keep him occupied, it also happens that he swims a pretty fair backstroke. This was very much on the mind of Naber, who scarcely relishes the idea of having to contend with Shaw in backstroke as well as freestyle. When both swimmers were hauled out for a press conference following the 500, Naber listened to reporters firing questions at the triumphant Shaw for a while, then interjected one of his own. "Are you going to try out for the Olympic team in the 200 back, Tim?"

What with head-to-head battles being all the rage in swimming, Shaw's reply was hardly surprising. "I might," he said. "I'm thinking about it." When John Naber winced, that was hardly surprising, either. **END**

ROOKIES WHO ARE HOT COOKIES

A batch of young players full of snap and ginger are battling to make the majors, but none faces as tough a test as St. Louis' Hector Cruz. Third base is his, though he has played the position for only a year

by MARK MULVOY



It is one of the rites of spring training, like holdouts and wind sprints and bus rides and intrasquad games between the Fords and the Berras or the Peskys and the Zimmers. If you want, call it the search for the next Fred Lynn—or, at least, the new Dick Wakefield. But it really should be entitled the Annual Rookie Revue, that time of high drama and low curveballs when nervous kids from Tulsa, Pawtucket and other minor league towns audition to spend the baseball season dining at Kansas City's Golden Ox or the Railhead in Houston on $23 per day. That beats filling up at the McBurgers in Toledo on $23 per week. And for a big-league club, discovering a star aborning can keep it from being turned into ground round once the season begins. "The trick is to find a guy like a Lynn who could shoot your club into the

continued



Cheerful ex-outfielder Cruz is trying to get the handle on playing third for the Cards.



Mike Norris wanted to replace Catfish Hunter last season. An injury put him off schedule.

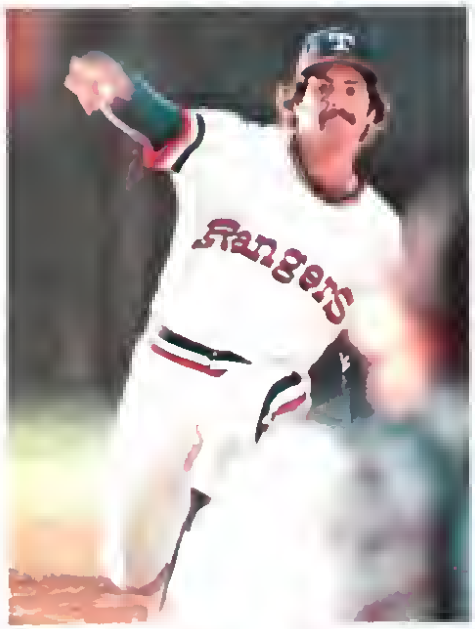


Hard-hitting Chet Lemon began the spring at third for the Sox. Now he plays right.



The Yankees claim Willie Randolph will be their best at second since Bobby Richardson







playoffs and the World Series," says Cardinal Catcher Ted Simmons.

What Simmons and his teammates hope is that the Lynn of the Rookie Class of '76 will be Hector Cruz, the American Association's Player of the Year in 1975 when he hit .306 with 29 home runs and had a remarkable 116 RBIs in just 115 games at Tulsa. "Hector will be there every day," says Manager Red Schoendienst, pointing to the position left vacant by the trade of Third Baseman Ken Reitz to San Francisco.

The first grounder hit to the 23-year-old Cruz in the Cardinals' exhibition opener last week bounced off his chest, rolled over his shoulder and dropped alongside the bag. But before Schoendienst could say Ken Reitz, Cruz calmly picked up the ball and fired it to first to beat the Detroit runner by two steps.

"That was better than my first ground ball when I came to St. Louis for a few games late last season," Cruz says. "Cliff Johnson of the Astros hit a shot at me, and when I bent down for the ball, it skipped off the fake grass and hit me right on the nose." Playing third base is still something of a novelty for Cruz, who was an outfielder in his first five minor league seasons. In fact, in one spring-training game with the Cards in 1973, Hector started in the outfield with older brothers Jose, now with the Astros, and Tommy, who is currently in the Rangers' organization. "One day last spring Kenny Boyer, the Tulsa manager, told me he was going to make a third baseman out of me," Cruz says. "I said, 'O.K., Kenny,' and here I am. Kenny was one of the best third basemen who ever played in the big leagues. He tried to teach me everything he knows, but I still have plenty to learn."

That's true, and because it is, the Cardinals' decision to trade Reitz represents a considerable risk for a team expected to be a contender in its division—and puts extraordinary pressure on Cruz. Should he falter at third, St. Louis has no capable replacement. The reason for the Cards' daring is simple enough: they want Cruz' bat in their lineup, but because their outfield is flush with .300 hitters Lou Brock, Bake McBride and Reggie Smith, there is no place for him except in the infield.

Along with Cruz, or *Caballo Loco* (Crazy Horse) as the Cardinals call him because of his startling facial resemblance to the Lone Ranger's friend Tonto, there were numerous other rookies bidding for regular employment last week as the Grapefruit and Cactus league schedules finally got under way. So far these have been the best:

- Willie Randolph, a 21-year-old speedster at second base whom the Yankees acquired from Pittsburgh in exchange for 16-game-winner Doc Medich. Randolph hit .298 in his four minor league seasons, hardly ever strikes out, makes the double play like Bill Mazeroski and should become New York's first good second baseman since Bobby Richardson retired 10 years ago.
- Mike Norris, a 21-year-old righthander who replaced Catfish Hunter in the Oakland rotation a year ago. He started three games, pitched a three-hit shutout, allowed only six hits in 16⅔ innings and had an 0.00 ERA before undergoing an elbow operation. Now Norris' arm appears sound again.
- Jerry Royster, an Atlanta infielder who hit .333 to win the Pacific Coast League batting title last season. Manager Dave Bristol has tried Royster at second, short and third in an attempt to find his natural position. His live bat and good speed would seem to guarantee him a spot somewhere in the Braves' lineup.
- Chet Lemon, who came to the White Sox camp as Bill Melton's successor at third base but has been moved to right field by Manager Paul Richards. Early last season when Norris hurt his elbow Oakland Owner Charles O. Finley sent Lemon to the Sox in a deal for Pitcher Stan Bahnsen. Lemon went on to hit .307 at Triple A Denver, and Finley's farm director, John Claiborne, went on to quit, because, he said, the boss was "trading away all our good prospects."
- Don Aase, a 21-year-old Red Sox righthander who pitched two no-hitters in the Florida Instructional League this winter. In his first exhibition appearance, he induced five-time American League batting champ Rod Carew to hit into a triple play. Aase may start the season at Pawtucket, but Red Sox Manager Darrell Johnson expects him to be in Boston's rotation by June.
- Bob McClure, who should provide Kansas City with what it needs most: de-

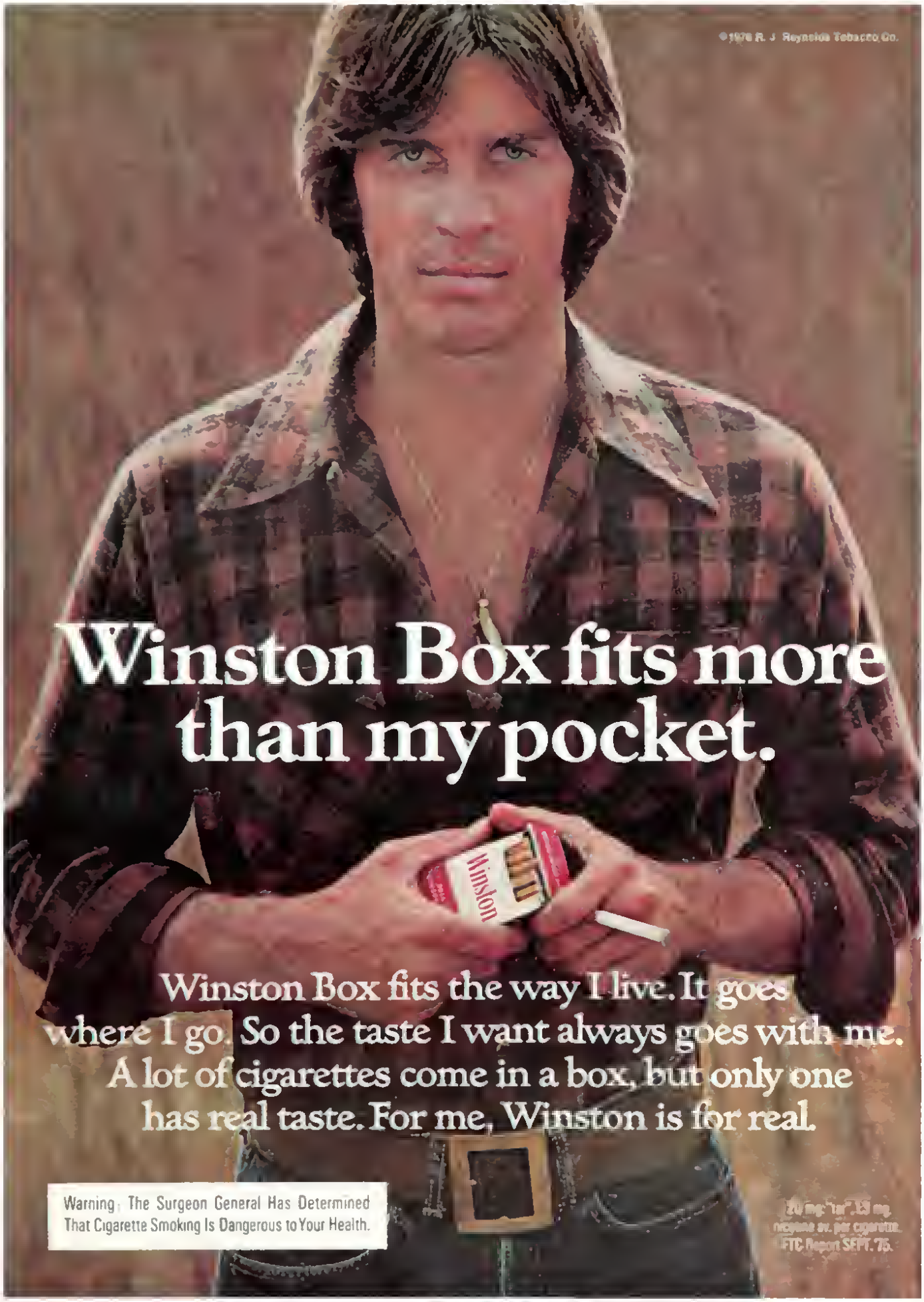
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Bob McClure is ready to give the Royals relief; Jim Gideon will get a start in Texas. Jerry Royster figures to hit well for the Braves—if they can find where to play him

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pendable short relief work. Lefthander McClure struck out a batter an inning for the Royals and had an 0.00 ERA in a late-season tryout. That left Manager Whitey Herzog thinking that McClure might be this year's Rawley Eastwick or Will McEnaney—or both.

• Butch Wynegar, a 20-year-old Minnesota catcher who could turn out to be the 1976 spring pheenom. A switch-hitter who drew 142 bases on balls and had 112 RBIs last year at Class A Reno, Wynegar started the Twins' first three exhibitions and had four hits in 11 at bats. "He's not bad for a kid who's not even on our roster yet," Manager Gene Mauch says.

• Jim Gideon, a 6'4" righthander who signed with the Rangers last June after leading the University of Texas to the NCAA title with a 19-0 record. Gideon pitched shutouts in his only two appearances with Class A Sarasota, then moved up to Triple A Spokane where he won six of his 11 starts.

None of these rookies is being relied on as heavily as Cruz. Yet despite his impressive credentials, the Cardinals have shied away from making outlandish claims about his abilities. "We did that with First Baseman Keith Hernandez last spring," says St. Louis Public Relations Director Jerry Lovelace. "I was a real flack for Hernandez. I gave him the big treatment. Keith liked it, too, but when things started off badly for him, he was pretty much lost." Hernandez eventually was sent back to Tulsa to rejoin his longtime roommate Cruz, now they are together as starters in St. Louis.

"What happened to me won't happen to Hector," Hernandez says. "I wasn't mature enough to handle it. Hector has been mature since the first day I met him four years ago."

Harry Walker, the Cardinals' director of player development, says that Cruz is "the nearest thing to a Joe Medwick-type hitter I've seen. He's very unorthodox at bat. He gets his body going in different directions—and his swing is not very smooth—but he has very good hand reaction. You wouldn't teach a kid to swing like Hector, but then you wouldn't take a talent like Hector and make him change his swing."

Told what Walker had said about the similarities between his batting style and that of the late Medwick, a .324 career hitter, Cruz scratched his head and said, "Joe who? I don't know this Medwick. I hit like nobody. I hit like me. They tell me that I swing at too many pitches, like Manny Sanguillen of the Pirates. But you tell me: How do you get hits without swinging the bat? If they think I swung at too many pitches in the minors, wait until they see me in St. Louis. My brothers tell me that it's easier to be a good hitter in the majors, because the pitchers are always around the plate."

Cruz, a native of Arroyo, Puerto Rico and the youngest of 13 children, has spent most of this spring working at third base under the guidance of Boyer, who still manages the Cardinal farm club at Tulsa, Schoendienst and Coach Preston Gomez. Each morning he takes at least 100 ground balls from Gomez before joining the other Cardinal regulars for a standard pre-exhibition game workout. After the game he and Gomez return to the practice diamond for another session of 100 grounders.

Boyer suggested Cruz' switch from the outfield to third after watching him fool around in the Tulsa infield in 1974. "I could see that he had great natural reactions," Boyer says. "He also had the one thing third basemen must have—soft hands." Remembering the successful shift of Mike Shannon from right field to third in the 1960s, the Cardinals readily approved Boyer's suggestion.

"After his first week at third base, I never thought Hector would make it," Boyer says. "He didn't do anything right." Last season Boyer hit hundreds of ground balls to Cruz each day and also worked with him on the mental aspects of third-base play.

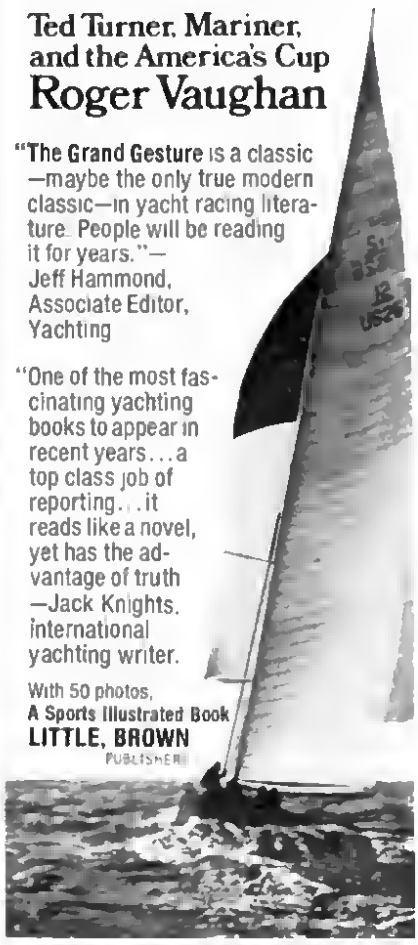
"Kenny and I talked about each play I had to make in a game," Cruz says. "He'd ask me why I did something, and I'd tell him. Then he'd tell me what I should've done. He taught me that I should protect the line in the late innings of close games, showed me how and when to get up on my toes and explained to me that I should check with the shortstop on each pitch to find out if our guy will be throwing a pitch that the batter might pull my way. I never knew how tough third base was. For me, the toughest play is the short-hop bouncer with a man on third. I have to scoop up the ball, probably with my bare hand, and hum it to first for the last out of the inning. Those plays make you old."

St. Louis hopes they have made Cruz old enough to become a third baseman in the National League. **END**

THE GRAND GESTURE

Ted Turner, Mariner, and the America's Cup

Roger Vaughan



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JOHNNY CAME LATELY

He had come to Augusta with such high hopes. In January he had won Phoenix and Tucson for the second year in a row, shooting an eye-popping 61 in each, and he had added the Bob Hope for good measure, so that his earnings were already well over $100,000. Now what Johnny Miller wanted most of all was a second major championship to go with the U.S. Open he had won in such dazzling fashion in 1973, destroying Oakmont with a final-round 63. But on a damp Thursday he opened his quest for a Masters title with a discouraging 75, and his 71 the next day did little more than qualify him for the final rounds. The big man, Jack Nicklaus, was out front and out of sight. . . .



BUT THEN...

Miller began the third round at two over par (green 2 on the leaderboard), far behind Nicklaus, whose 66-67 had him at nine under (red). Although birdies at the 2nd and 3rd holes put Miller even for the tournament, he was still just another golfer out there, light-years away from the lead. Then three more birdies at the difficult 4th, 5th and 6th suddenly put him in contention and the cheers re-sounded all the way to the clubhouse. This was Augusta, not Tucson, but Johnny Miller was hot as the desert sun.







No one had ever made six consecutive birdies at the Masters, but now Miller had a chance. At the 7th his approach was just left of the green. He used his putter anyway and stroked the ball 35 feet into the cup. Another birdie, another explosion of cheers (below). Two pars gave Miller a blistering 30 for the front nine, the lowest score ever. At this point it seemed likely he would break the course record of 64, but he cooled slightly on the back nine, shooting a 35. Even so, his 65 for the round put him just three strokes behind Nicklaus (who had a 73) and four behind Weiskopf, who himself had shot a brilliant 66 to take the lead.









BEATEN BY A JUMPING JACK

by Sarah Pileggi

When Johnny Miller walked off the 4th green during the first day of the Masters last year, he was already three over par. He had bogeyed the 1st, 2nd and 4th holes, all of them on putts of five feet or less.

"My word," he thought on his way to the 5th tee, "I've sort of blown myself out of this thing."

Happily for golf and young men who will one day be old men with grandchildren to tell the story to, Johnny Miller had not blown himself out. He floundered through the rest of that day to a 75, sank enough putts on Friday to make the cut and then, on Saturday, on the front nine, launched the comeback that turned the 1975 Masters into a tournament that will always be remembered. Scattering scoring records in his wake like dogwood petals, by Sunday Miller had pulled himself from 11 strokes off the lead into a tie with Tom Weiskopf for second at 277, a total that would have won all but three previous Masters, and forced Jack Nicklaus to perform miracles of his own, such as holing a 40-foot putt at 16 on Sunday (*right*), to win by a single stroke.

Miller had arrived in Augusta the previous Sunday night feeling good. He, his wife Linda, and Weiskopf, who had just won the Greater Greensboro Open, were flown in from Greensboro in a private plane provided by GGO sponsors. The Millers were met at the Augusta airport by friends, and they moved into a comfortable rented house only four blocks from the gate to Augusta National. Miller knew it was going to be a good week as soon as he discovered he had also rented a swimming pool, a pool table, a Ping-Pong table and a basketball hoop in the driveway.

Furthermore, early Monday evening, while he was fishing alone on the pond that forms the centerpiece of the picturesque par-3 course just west of the clubhouse, he caught a nine-pound largemouth bass, the biggest ever taken from that pond. "It was getting dark, and I saw this big fish come out of the shadow near the bank, grab the bait and turn around and go back."



On Sunday Miller continued to close ground, and even his near-misses drew body English from those around him (top). But at 18, needing one foot putt to tie, he failed.

Miller, who is actually a Mormon fisherman who happens to play golf, bounded up the hill to the clubhouse and burst in—wet tennis shoes, wriggling bass and all—on the sedate dinner held each year in honor of the foreign players.

"You'd think he'd won the U.S. Open," said Jerome Franklin the next morning. Franklin is one of two surviving original members of Augusta National, the other being Clifford Roberts. Until that night he had been the holder of the Augusta National largemouth bass record at 8¼ pounds.

Miller was determined to enjoy the Masters as he had not the year before. He played leisurely practice rounds on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, but he hit no practice balls. "When you get in a major tournament, especially the first major tournament of the year, a bell goes off the first day, and you tend to revert to what is natural to you," he said recently. "If you've been hitting a lot of balls, working on something new, you revert to somewhere between what you've been working on and your old swing, and you end up being very confused."

The year before, Miller came to the Masters with four tournament wins and great expectations. He had worked hard, played poorly and tied for 15th. Last year he hit no more than 20 balls on the practice tee to warm up and none at all after his rounds. "It only happens to me maybe three or four times a year," he said. "My swing felt so good and I felt so relaxed and loose that I remember on the fourth day going to the practice tee thinking, 'Shoot, I'm not even going to hit any balls.' I didn't need to warm up."

Feeling as good as he did, Miller's 75 the first day was a shocker. In the press room after the round he sounded slightly querulous. "If I'd been putting, I might have had 68 or 69 . . . 15 greens in regulation . . . hitting it longer than I ever did here. . . . Some days I hit lousy putts, and they go in. Today I was hitting good putts, and they wouldn't go in the hole."

But it was true. Even average putting would probably have given him a 71 or 72, and either score, it turned out, would have won the tournament. On Friday his 71 reflected a slight improvement. At first he told the press, "I'm putting crummy."

continued

Then, in an afterthought, he added, "Not crummy, just not sharp." He was still missing some short putts—he two-putted from four feet for a bogey on the 12th—but he also made a couple. He survived the cut by three strokes, but he seemed hopelessly behind Nicklaus, the leader. The scoreboard watchers under the ancient oak on the clubhouse terrace wrote him off.

"I wasn't displeased," said Miller. "It could have been better, but I was happy to make the cut. I was having so much fun that week I wanted to stay around a little longer."

An alarm should sound when Johnny Miller talks about feeling good. It generally means something is about to happen. At the Bob Hope this year he shot a 71 the first round, nothing special, and said, "I feel good. I think I'm going to win." He did, with a 63 in the final round.

"I don't give up on myself because I know I'm capable of things like that," he said. "For me it's a game of patience. If I'm feeling rested, feeling good, it's a matter of waiting for it to happen, like a time bomb. Maybe it won't happen till Monday, and then the week is gone, but I have the ability. Like the 63 at Oakmont. I win tournaments on the strength of one round most of the time, so for me it's a case of avoiding a 74 or 5 or 6 and being patient."

Friday night Miller and Andy Martinez, his tour caddie, and another friend shot baskets in the driveway of the rented house and barbecued steaks in the backyard. Miller was on the 1st tee at 12:26 the next day, and he parred the 1st hole, though he cannot remember how. On No. 2, a par-5 with a slight dogleg to the left, he drove "around the corner," then hit a five-wood into the shallow bunker at the left front of the green, not far from the pin, a good spot to be. He knocked the ball out of the bunker to one foot and sank the putt. It was a routine birdie which put him one over par for the tournament and 10 strokes back of Nicklaus.

On the 3rd hole, a short par-4, he hit a three-wood and a wedge about 14 feet from the hole and made the putt. Another routine birdie, and he was even par.

No. 4 is a 220-yard par-3, the longest 3 on the course. Miller hit a two-iron that landed 10 feet to the right of the pin. "When I made that putt," he said, "I got pretty intrigued. Then when I birdied 5, which is a *really* hard hole, with a 14-footer from behind the pin, I said to myself, 'All right!' "

At the par-3 6th, where the tee is high on a bluff overlooking a rolling green 190 yards away, Miller hit a five-iron that stopped one foot from the hole. "Now I'm in a heck of a streak," he remembered. "That made five in a row, and I knew I had a chance at 7 or 8 because I'd been cookin' pretty good."

The 7th is a 365-yard par-4. Miller played it with a three-wood and a wedge, but his second shot missed the putting surface. The 7th green is crowned, and the pin that day was atop the crown and 35 feet away. "It was the kind of putt you just try to make in two," said Miller. "When it went in I said, 'My word, I may *never* stop making birdies.' "

He did stop, temporarily, on the next hole, but he had already broken the record set by Hale Irwin and Gary Player in 1974 of five straight, and by the turn he had his course record of 30 for the front nine.

With one more birdie on the back nine, Miller had a 65. His time bomb had gone off, and it had catapulted him from 27th place to third, five under par. Weiskopf, with a 66, took over first at nine under going into the last day, while Nicklaus, who struggled with a 73, fell into second, eight under.

Now, Johnny Miller is a very good last-round player. His 61 at Tucson, 63 at Oakmont and 63 at the Hope this year are the three lowest closing rounds in history. On Sunday he and Weiskopf were the last pairing, and the dramatic possibilities of that position appealed to Miller. He was relaxed and confident, partly because Weiskopf was not outdriving him as often or by as much as usual. His ball found every fairway and every green all day; he played the front nine in 32, four under par, yet somehow, until late that afternoon, when he birdied the 17th hole to tie Weiskopf, one stroke behind Nicklaus, he did not feel he was part of the action.

"Up to then I was sort of freewheeling. I had this feeling that I was in the background, in the shadows, even though I was playing a very good round," he recalls. "I knew there was a chance, and I was trying. But they were playing so good that I never said to myself, 'I can catch these guys.' When you've got Nicklaus and Weiskopf playing good golf ahead of you, you've got to just play your own game and hope for the best. You can't *expect* to catch them."

Seventeen made all the difference. After a good drive and a seven-iron that should have been a six-iron, Miller's ball was on the green, but 25 feet short of the hole. His putt, however, had not traveled 10 feet before Miller's arm was in the air. He knew he'd made it.

At the moment the crowd roared, Nicklaus was bent over a 12-footer on the 18th green. He backed off, waiting to learn from the scoreboard whether the birdie was for a pursuing Miller or a tying Weiskopf. When he saw it was Miller, he settled back down and two-putted for a par.

"All of a sudden," says Miller, "I was in position to tie Jack, and *boy* I was pumped. I was *really* pumped, like when I was a rookie and had a chance to win."

The 420-yard 18th is the only hole at Augusta that plays left to right off the tee. Last year it played harder than any other hole on the course because of some young pines that had been planted on the left side of the fairway, in a favored landing area of the long hitters. Weiskopf hit a tremendous drive, up and over everything, and a good wedge left him an eight-foot putt for a tying birdie. Miller cut his drive around the corner, what he calls a "Trevino shot," and aimed a six-iron just to the right of the hole. He wound up with a 20-footer, "about a one-in-10 putt, I figured."

Miller's putt broke to the left of the hole, Weiskopf's stopped short and Jack Nicklaus, watching from the entrance to the scorer's tent, had won his fifth Masters. Miller's 66, combined with his 65 the day before, set a 36-hole scoring record, and though it was only good enough for a second-place tie, it was a finish he could be proud of.

On a warm spring morning in California's Napa Valley with the 1976 Masters only a few weeks away, Miller stood at the edge of the pond in front of his house, showing his daughter Kelly how David disposed of Goliath. First he placed a pebble in a small sling on a six-foot-long leather thong attached to his left wrist. Then he spun the pebble in its pouch until it whirred, released the thong, and the missile thudded into the bank on the other side of the pond.

"I hate to say it [whirr] because it'll make me try too hard [thud], but right now [whirr] I'd rather win the Masters than any tournament [thud]." END

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BALD FACTS FROM THE BOSTON HACKER

Bud Collins, the humble egotist, is a broadcaster-writer who knows his game and tells you all about it

by ***DONALD DALE JACKSON***

Bud Collins saw her coming—a fan, obviously trolling for autographs—and he readied himself. The big, easy smile flicked on, and he accepted the tennis-racket cover she extended.

"Could you do me a favor?" the woman asked.

"Certainly," Collins replied, taking her pen.

"Could you get Fred Stolle to autograph this for me?"

He managed a blink as the smile soured, then wheeled away without a murmur and took the racket cover to Stolle, captain of the Australian World Cup tennis team. "Thanks so much," the woman said as he returned. "Oh, and could you sign it, too? We watch all your programs—"

The lighthouse-beacon smile returned. He autographed the cover and handed it to her. "We're on nationwide today, you know," he said.

Arthur Worth (Bud) Collins Jr. seems to be on national television nowadays with the regularity of Alka-Seltzer commercials. Bald, 46 and a mile or two short of handsome, Collins has emerged as the indispensable man of an increasingly visible game: he is to tennis what snow is to the Winter Olympics, what pasta is to Italy.

When the lady with the racket cover strained his humility, Collins was in Hartford, Conn. to broadcast the World Cup, an event he helped create seven years ago. He's in Hawaii this spring announcing the head-to-head matches billed as the Challenge Cup. He'll be in Dallas for the WCT finals, at Wimbledon for the strawberries and cream and at Forest Hills for the U S championships. Collins logs more miles on the tennis tour than the most traveled pro. He knows everyone and whether they've been bad or good, and he remembers 86% of what he's seen, which is all the tennis of consequence in the past two decades. He even *likes* everyone, which is ridiculous.

He likes Ilie Nastase, for example. Liking Nastase is not impossible, to be sure, but it's not easy, either. And it was harder than average for Collins, especially after they had dinner one night in Australia.

"All during the meal he kept saying, 'Hey, Collini'—he always calls me Collini—'look over there.' And like a jerk I'd look over there. And every time I looked away he was salting my food—the meat, the coffee, everything—and I didn't know it. He said, 'You'll never get cramps, Collini,' and I couldn't figure out what he was talking about. Finally he did it to the chocolate mousse and I finally got it. My dinner was ruined, but he had a great time. He wasn't really malicious. He'd just say, 'Ah, Collini,' and what could you do? He's a child-man."

A woman at Forest Hills tried his good nature even further than Nastase or the fan in Hartford. "She was sitting in the marquee and she called me over," Collins recalls. "She said she'd been wanting to meet me. Well, I smiled and put my hand out, thinking, you know, here was another grateful fan. She grabbed my arm and twisted it. She was strong, too. She tried to throw me down. She said, 'Don't ever call me hacker again.' "

To his credit, Collins ignored this bush-league advice. He considers himself, more or less correctly, the hackers' delegate in the Chamber of Aces. Primarily through his low-key, intelligent and witty telecasts on the public network, he has recruited a remarkably loyal audience of sore-armed weekend strokers. Tennis viewers, unlike fans of televised football or baseball, are likely to play the game themselves. Or as one letter writer informed Collins, "I hack tennis." This makes tennis fans at once more discerning and more grateful. "I want to congratulate all of you," one appreciative viewer wrote to his PBS station, "even Bud Collins." The fans seem to regard him as an old friend, soliciting his advice on their games and trading memories of great matches, and Collins reacts in kind. Some letter writers have suggested he acquire a toupee or at least retain an alert barber, but the majority overlook his baldness and agree with the female hacker who called him "a perfect mix between sensitivity and sarcasm."

"I like the idea of getting tennis away from the stuffed shirts who ran it for so long," says Collins. "That's what the hacker business is. Our viewers have the

continued

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same agonies as the pros. I've seen Rod Laver butcher a simple volley and slap it against the back fence. A hacker isn't a klutz, it's anyone who's not a pro. I think we should organize. I want to get T shirts that say HOW—Hackers of the World."

Collins' TV style combines winsome self-deprecation with sporadic zingers directed at whatever tennis Establishment is handy, miscellaneous nonhackers, or his starchy lawyer-sidekick, Donald Dell, who plays beige to Collins' chartreuse. He reported on one recent show that the serve of French star Francoise Durr had been clocked at up to 8.3 mph, but that it was still "faster than mine." Italian tennis fans are so partisan, he observed, that "the only thing tougher than going against an Italian in Rome is trying to pick on Jimmy Connors with his mother watching." John Newcombe's travel schedule was so hectic, he said, that "he must have Patty Hearst's travel agent." When a prying camera at Wimbledon caught Britain's Princess Anne with a royal finger in her nose, Collins remarked that she had a terrific forehand.

He and Dell constantly trade amiable insults. When Dell heard Arthur Ashe cry "yours" to partner Dennis Ralston during a World Cup doubles match, he remarked, "That's your favorite word in doubles, Bud—yours." Collins took it on the rise. "I can say it in five or six languages," he retorted.

"Bud has an uncanny ability to sting without drawing blood," says a friend.

Collins has his own nicknames for most of the leading players. The relentless Ken Rosewall is the "Doomsday Stroking Machine." Right-thinking Stan Smith and his somewhat less devout partner, Bob Lutz, are known as "Straight Arrow and Bent Arrow." The gifted Bjorn Borg is "Teen Angel." Cannonballing Vijay Amritraj of India is the "Madras Monsoon" while Nastase is the "Bucharest Buffoon." Nastase calls Collins the "Boston *Buffoni*."

But Collins is more than just another down-home face with a sense of humor. He is a sure-enough journalist in the TV booth and, more than that, an expert who knows everything that's happened in tennis since the first hacker double-faulted on the Newport green. His den, tucked under the eaves of his four-story town house on Beacon Hill, is a tennis archive cluttered with a century or so of annual tennis yearbooks, tennis magazines and such esoterica as *Psych Yourself to Better Tennis* by the inimitable Walter Luszki. His tennis yearbooks are so well thumbed they appear to have been nibbled upon by small furry creatures. Collins refers to himself as a "tennis degenerate," though he readily concedes that few degenerates have attained his level of depravity.

"I'm the *maven* of tennis," he says. "I do some things just for the sake of tennis history. I recently wrote a letter to the U.S. Tennis Association complaining that Billie Jean King wasn't ranked this year. They said she didn't play enough tournaments. I'm one of the few who know that Billie Jean is tied with Helen Wills and Mabel Mallory for most years as No. 1—seven. I'd like to see her get eight and be the alltime champ. But I sometimes think I'm the only one who cares."

On the tube, he emits his ticker tape of information with a refreshing absence of solemnity. "Sports is supposed to be fun, and the sun will still come up after somebody loses," he says. "I try to inform and entertain. Sometimes I show off, sure, but I like to have fun with it. I find out what *I* want to know about the players and I share that with the people. I think of myself as conversing with friends, and conversation should be both amusing and interesting. Everyone talks too much on TV, myself included, but I'm trying to keep it to a minimum. Tennis coverage can become even quieter as the public learns more about the sport."

Collins grew up 50 yards from a tennis court in Berea, Ohio and has tried to stay at least that close ever since. "I'd wake up on summer mornings to the soft, thin pop of a racket hitting a ball," he says. "I still remember what a pleasant sound that was." His father had been athletic director at Baldwin-Wallace College, where Bud tried to impersonate a student, played tennis and other sports and graduated "in a real squeaker" in 1951.

He made his first pilgrimage to Forest Hills at 18. "I had listened to radio broadcasts and tried to picture the forest and the hills," he recalls. "I couldn't even envision grass courts." He and two friends gulped as much tennis as they could in two days. "I bought a grass-stained ball to take home and show to

everybody. I put it on a shelf and it turned white again."

In 1954 he arrived at Boston University as a graduate student in public relations. "I had read F. Scott Fitzgerald and I wanted to go East where they wore striped ties and tweed coats." He became a junior sportswriter on the Boston *Herald*, promptly won a byline and abandoned both Ohio and public relations. One day the sports editor asked him to cover a tennis tournament, unaware that he was dealing with a tennis nut. "He thought it was punishment," Collins remembers. "I thought it was heaven."

By the end of the 1950s he was writing an all-sports column in the *Herald*, coaching tennis at Brandeis University (where one of his players was Abbie Hoffman—"We didn't like each other, but he was a good competitor. He also had a better car than I did") and making the most of the one major tournament in Boston, the National Doubles.

He regularly threw a party for the players—the "Fuzzy Ball"—which one year almost provoked an international incident. The revelry attracted the Boston police, who showed up with a paddy wagon. "But, Officer," Collins protested, pointing at Rod Laver, Ashley Cooper and others, "these gentlemen are the Australian Davis Cup team."

"What the hell is the Australian Davis Cup team?" the Irish cop replied.

A Gaelic guest managed to placate the lawmen in time and the party rocked on to its natural climax, a 4 a.m. victory by Cooper in the indoor standing broad jump.

Collins had become so conspicuous as Boston's resident tennis maniac that he was the natural choice to do the commentary when WGBH, the local educational station, began televising the National Doubles in 1963. "I took him into the stands during a match and told him to just tell me what he saw," says Greg Harney, who produces tennis on WGBH. "He did that for an hour and a half. It was like a rehearsal. Then we went ahead and did the show, and the response was amazing. People loved it."

Toting his tapes, Collins tried to interest the commercial networks in televising more tennis. "It was like selling the first vacuum cleaner to a guy who'd been using brooms all his life," he says. "I'd get five minutes from some executive. Tennis was like a talking-canary act to them." Nevertheless, he did Forest Hills for NBC in 1964 and began a five-year hitch with CBS in 1968.

Meanwhile he had moved his writing base to the more prosperous Boston *Globe*. He branched out to the news pages, filing a series of articles from Africa and traveling to Vietnam. He announced in 1967 that he was a candidate to succeed Boston Mayor John Collins, with a campaign slogan of "Keep Collins Mayor," but his trial balloon popped and he withdrew.

When tennis boomed in the early 1970s Collins was as poised and ready as Jimmy Connors waiting to return serve: he had been broadcasting tennis for 10 years on WGBH, he had done Forest Hills for the commercial networks, he had written regularly for tennis magazines, his backhand was coming along nicely: and he knew everyone worth knowing in the game and remembered every name he learned. He had done everything, in fact, but embroider tennis samplers. Thus when PBS decided to televise the summer Grand Prix circuit in 1974, who better to sign on than our own Bud, the hacker's friend? When NBC needed an anchorman for a series of tournaments from such exotic venues as Monte Carlo, Palm Springs and Stockholm, the call went out for Collins.

"I was just doing what I'd always been doing, but I was like a guy playing trumpet in the desert," Collins says. "All of a sudden trumpet music was in. Now I'm the No. 1 guy and there ain't no No. 2, 3 or 4. I wake up every day amazed to find myself making a living, actually *making a living*, in tennis."

And not that bad a living, he might add, although he eschews conspicuous consumption—with the vivid exception of his wardrobe—with proper Bostonian reserve. He drives a red Fiat. His house is comfortable but not lavish and seems dominated by stairs and cats. His closets, however, contain the raiment of a star, the colors running to yellow and puce and fuchsia and pale burgundy, and the style ranging from restrained gaudiness to subdued exuberance. A priest who shook his hand after the World Cup matches told him that he admired his work and envied his slacks. For the last day of the matches he wore a blue velvet jacket, flower-patched dungarees and a

continued

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Beneath the flash and dazzle, however, lurks just plain Bud from Berea, so approachable that he's in the Boston phone book, reliable as the Massachusetts Turnpike, affable, energetic, occasionally sophomoric but savvy. Perhaps because celebrity came late to Collins, he has not let it conquer him. He retains a sense of his own fallibility. "Bud is a humble egotist," says Greg Harney, and in Collins' case it's not really a contradiction.

He frets that his dedication to tennis has made him too narrow. "I begin to feel like Eugene O'Neill's father doing *The Count of Monte Cristo* forever," he says. "You have to wonder about building your life around a net and a lot of overpaid athletes. I have misgivings sometimes."

Collins agonized indecisively for more than a month before accepting NBC's offer to be its chief tennis commentator this year. "The commercial networks often shortchange tennis by putting on people who don't know anything about the game," he says. "And there's so much more freedom on the public network." He considers himself a writer first—he is working on a book about tennis people, and still does a weekly column for the *Globe*—although he now spends most of his time and earns most of his clothes-buying money in television. "I think I'm unique in being a broadcaster who writes," he contends. "I also feel some pride in working for both the commercial and public networks. I can play with the big boys and also . . . uh, well . . . with the good guys."

"Bud would rather talk tennis than do anything else," says a friend, "and he'd rather play than talk."

A high-quality hacker with quick reflexes and good touch, Collins plays wherever he is. In Hawaii he daily joins a foursome at 8 a.m. At whatever event he's working he organizes a press tournament. In Boston he plays regularly at a spacious downtown club that was once a police riding academy. "You know, Bud's really as homely as a mud fence and so is his tennis game," says a fellow Boston hacker, "but he gets everything out of what he has. He's deceptively good. Ugly is beautiful in his case."

An elderly fellow member watched him cavort one recent afternoon at his Boston club. Collins was clad in a pink sweater, white warmup pants and had a towel wrapped tight around his neck. He smiled his winner's smile while he hit a succession of effortless lobs in the preliminary rally. The spectator clicked his tongue as he watched.

"I think of Bud as an Elizabethan actor," the man said. "He used to be bald in front, you know, with hair down to his shoulders in back." He watched Collins make a delicate volley that stopped two feet past the net.

"He has touch, there's no denying that," the man said. Collins emitted a high-pitched squeak as his partner hit a passing shot. "I guess you'd call him an extrovert," the man added dryly.

Another Collins-watcher joined the conversation. "I hear Bud won the national indoor mixed doubles in 1961," he said, "and that he got to the finals of the senior [over 45] men's doubles at the French Open last year. Is that right?"

The elderly man nodded impatiently. "Yes, yes, that's right," he said. "Oh, he's good, and he's quick," he went on, "but damn it, when you know the people he does, you get good partners, too."

A few minutes later Collins came off the court. "This isn't my best surface," he said. "I'm best on bad grass. I once beat Virginia Wade on bad grass." He smiled his winner's smile at the elderly man.

He spent a few seconds in what appeared to be serious thought. "I think if I really devoted myself to it," he said finally, "and got, you know, tournament tough. . . ." He paused dramatically while the elderly man leaned closer, alert for the telltale show of arrogance. "I could play the women's circuit." The smile came on. "I wouldn't be champ, but I might be in the top 10." END

COLLINS ON HIS BETTERS

Ilie Nastase: "I think he reaches a point where he can't control himself and the adrenaline takes over. It starts as an act, but after a while the act takes charge of him. Maybe he's so clever that he's still in control, but I don't think so, because what he wants is to win and when this happens he seldom wins."

Chris Evert: "She's straightforward, unspoiled, honest and superb. I think she'll be the greatest woman player ever to hit the ball. If she gets her volley down, they can close the tournaments. She won't carry anyone and she'll never tank a match. She's the ultimate professional."

Jimmy Connors: "He's confused now. He may be thinking that you have to be a hater to win. When he was being good he started losing. You have to think back to when you were 22, and throw in magazine covers, a million dollars, star billing, etc. I was a jerk at 22 without any of that."

Guillermo Vilas: "He's very bright and thoughtful, but I think he's changed with fame. He's more touchy and taken with himself now, but who wouldn't be after everything he's won?"

Billie Jean King: "She's probably the most influential person for good in the history of the game. She's been a democratizing force, she's helped move tennis away from the country clubs and out to the folks. It's easy to get mad at her because she goes off half-cocked. As a player, if she's fit she's still the best in the world."

John Newcombe: "I told him recently that I didn't think he had it anymore, and he bristled. I said, 'Look, you're wealthy, you've done it all, you have a lovely family. I don't think you'll punish yourself anymore.' Finally he said, 'Maybe you're right, but I'll show you.' "

Bjorn Borg: "He's cooler on the court than anyone I've ever seen, so completely controlled it doesn't even seem human. And he's a great fighter if he's in the mood; he can come back and beat you when it looks like he's through. I worry a bit about whether he's getting the right advice—I think he's vastly overplayed—but he lives to play."

Arthur Ashe: "Arthur has a defensive mask, and he can be very standoffish. We were on a State Department tour of Africa together and we went to a school for black kids run by an English headmaster in Uganda. Ashe took an instant dislike to this man, perhaps because he was the white patron, you know. So he sat in this meeting and read a magazine the whole time. Arthur is playing better now than he ever has, and he deserves to be No. 1. He got into that 'zone' he talked about at Wimbledon last year and he hasn't come out of it yet."

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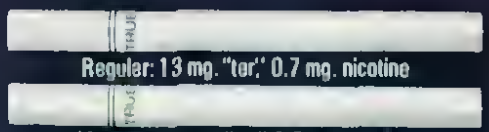
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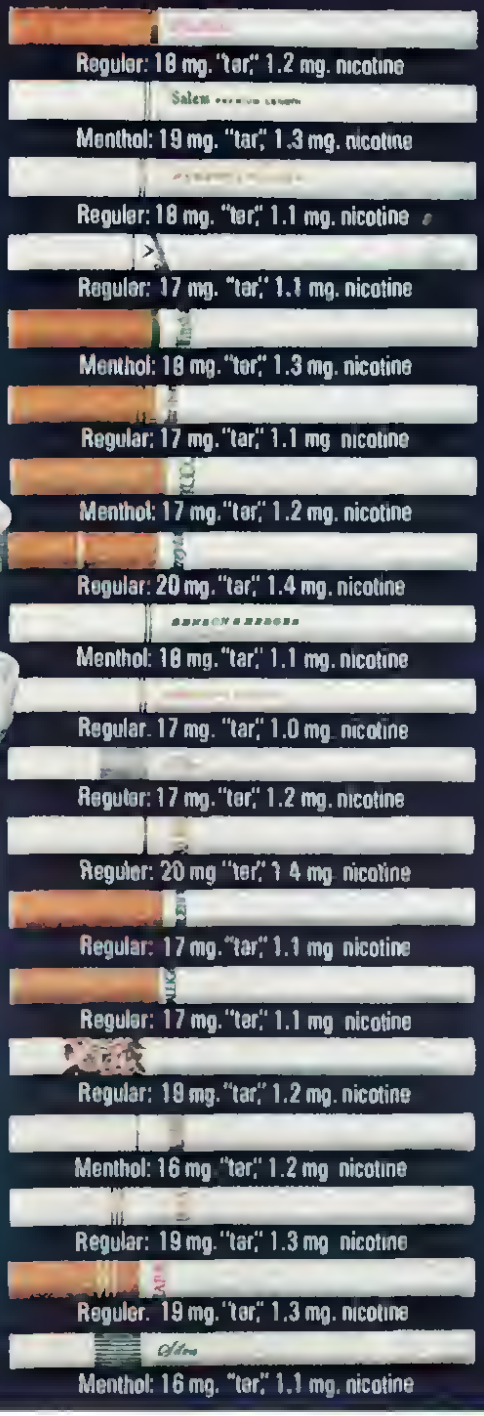
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Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

Menthol: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine

Regular: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine

Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine

Regular: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine

Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine

Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

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by WILLIAM LEGGETT

THE WAY IT SHOULD BE ON PBS

Nothing in the foreseeable future will change the main problem confronting the Public Broadcasting Service when it turns its hand to sports. Because of its constant shortage of funds, PBS cannot now—and probably never should—bid against the major networks and the top independent packagers for the rights to televise big events. Yet by using plenty of imagination, PBS attracts a sports audience that the networks do not get. In fact, by the time the summer is over, PBS will have shown its viewers three major items of unusual sports television, and the reaction to them, which is expected to be overwhelmingly favorable, could shake enough grants loose from large corporations so that PBS can present much more of the same.

Mobil Oil already has assured the producers that it is going to back a 1977 season for *The Way It Was*, the excellent combination of nostalgic films and interviews that has become the best half-hour sports show on television. In May, thanks to a $200,000 grant from E.F. Hutton & Company, Inc., PBS will show the first one-hour program in a 10-part series called *The Olympiad*. Written, produced and directed by Bud Greenspan, an independent maker of TV documentaries who always has to struggle to get air time for his shows, *The Olympiad* is a haunting look at people in search of excellence. The reviews of this series are going to be so good that they will embarrass network executives who have consistently rejected Greenspan's programs. And during March PBS presented *Super Bowl*, a look at football's premier event, which was co-produced by a couple of outfits called TVTV and Great Balls of Fire in association with WNET in New York.

Public television has dabbled on the outer edges of sports for years, and it has carried a few major events. PBS helped spread tennis on TV, and because that coverage served as the starting point for Announcer Bud Collins' career (*page 40*), there are those of us who cannot thank PBS enough. Still, of the sports programs public TV has broadcast, none has had the impact of *The Way It Was*, which is nearing the completion of an immensely successful second season. About 220 stations now carry the show, some of them running segments two or three times a week.

Many of this season's shows have been better than those of a year ago, since Gerry Gross Productions, makers of *The Way It Was*, had more lead time to work with. Each program takes approximately a month to research and put together, and those of us who admit to being *TWIW* loons (not mere freaks) are invariably frustrated as we look for errors or distortions in the shows.



PRODUCER GROSS IS STERN WHEN IT COMES TO ACCURACY

Gross is a 50-year-old trivia buff who realizes that sports fans are difficult to fool. Thus, he drives his five-person staff hard to ensure that no bloopers creep in. One of the reasons for this is that Gross once worked with Bill Stern, the celebrated sports announcer of the 1940s who often came on the air with a theme song that began, "Bill Stern, the Colgate Shave-Cream Man is on the air. Bill Stern, the Colgate Shave-Cream Man with stories rare. . . ." So rare, in fact, that he sometimes sacrificed veracity in order to keep the melodrama oozing out of radios and onto living-room rugs. This approach so startled Gross that not only has he insisted on total accuracy for *TWIW* but he also has completed a movie script about Stern. David Janssen has asked to play the starring role.

"The reactions to *The Way It Was* really interest me," says Gross. "Naturally, we get a lot of ideas for the show because, although sports fans are deep into nostalgia, they tend to remember games differently than they actually were. Baseball, football and boxing draw tremendous responses, not only from viewers but from the athletes who were involved in the events we use. Because athletes today are less reticent about discussing the good or bad things they once did, they can now add to the history of sports. When we did the 1947 World Series between the Yankees and Dodgers in which Al Gionfriddo made his great catch against Joe DiMaggio, an odd thing happened right on the set of the show. DiMaggio and Gionfriddo had not seen each other in the intervening 28 years. Joe had obviously lived with the memory of the catch for a long time and had often been questioned about it. He asked Gionfriddo, 'Al, if you hadn't gotten your glove up, would the ball have been out of the park?' When Gionfriddo said, 'Yes,' Joe smiled. He *thought* he knew it all along, but he had to ask."

A fortnight ago *Super Bowl* finished its two-week-long run on PBS stations across the country. TVTV and Great Balls of Fire took 42 people to Miami to tape the show with low-cost, portable equipment, and they ended up with 110 hours of unedited video tape. Because the objective of the show—to take a look at the Super Bowl and the nonsense attendant to it—was certainly a good one, I had high hopes for *Super Bowl*, particularly after the job TVTV had done with *Gerald Ford's America* and other off-beat productions. But the show jumped around too much, possibly because those 110 hours of tape turned out to be too many for the producers to handle. Still, it was not entirely unworthwhile, and its producers should be encouraged to use their special vision to take another, more disciplined look at sports. Perhaps after Greenspan's *The Olympiad* has completed its run on PBS, TVTV and Great Balls of Fire could show us some of the things at the Montreal Games that otherwise will go unseen. END

Miss from Miss. didn't . . .

. . . miss. Delta State beat Immaculata to win the AIAW, but it would never even have made the finals without the play of 4′11″ Debbie Brock

As if the towering presence of their peerless center, Lusia Harris, were not enough, the Lady Statesmen from Delta State arrived at Penn State last week armed with Immaculata jokes to deliver at the AIAW basketball championship. The tournament to decide the top major college women's team had a field of 16 hut, as everyone correctly suspected, the finals would be another shootout between Delta State and the Mighty Macs of Immaculata. And so, asked the blazing belles of the Cleveland, Miss. school, pray tell what is the difference between a Big Mac and a Mighty Mac?

Well, one is all hamburger, the other is pure baloney. And: one you eat, one you beat. And: the first has golden arches, the other has fallen arches. So much for corn pone. After that, the Lady Statesmen got down to the more serious chore of defending their championship, a matter taken not lightly by the entire state of Mississippi.

"For us it is much more than a national championship," said Lee Baker, sports editor of the *Jackson* (Miss.) *Daily News*. "It is a matter of honor, of pride." The Ladies began by overwhelming host Penn State 88–46 and followed that up by trouncing Baylor 97–55. Then they began to get worried.

For one thing, their star, the 6′3″, 185-pound Harris, nicknamed Tower Power, had been weakened by an attack of intestinal flu. Against Baylor, she had coasted (only 16 points in 19 minutes), spending most of her time on the bench watching teammate Cornelia Ward score 38 points.

If nothing else, that at least helped dispel the widely held belief that the Ladies have only one play: get the ball to Harris and watch her score. True, it is the way they play most of the time, because while rapiers may be more dazzling, the bludgeon is more certain.

Delta State's last two rivals were Wayland Baptist, the AAU champion, whose starting team averages 5′10″, and Pennsylvania's Immaculata, the AIAW champion for three straight years until the Lady Statesmen upset them last March.

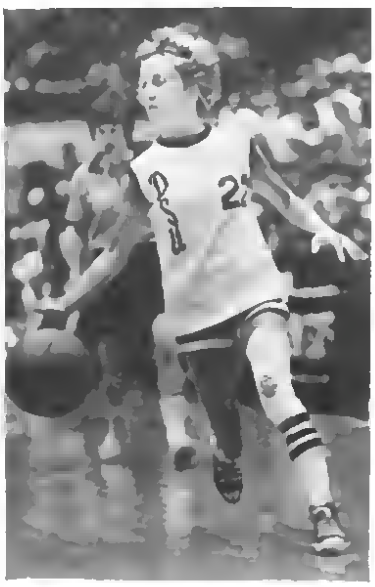
"Don't worry," little Debbie Brock told her teammates before playing Wayland in Friday night's semifinal. "I'll win this game for us. It's my turn."

Debbie Brock stands 4′11″ and weighs 80 pounds. She wears a size-4 sneaker. "I carry her around in my pocket," says Margaret Wade, the Delta State coach.

Against taller Wayland, Delta State was forced to use its starters all the way. With less than 11 minutes to play, Wayland was ahead 42–39, and seemed to have momentum for a crushing finish. No way, said the littlest Lady. Debbie Brock stole the ball, passed to Harris, who scored easily. Darting and diving, Brock made another steal and scored herself. She hit from 15 feet. Another steal, another score. In the last 26 seconds she made three foul shots. Delta State won 61–60. "Next year," said a disgruntled Wayland player, "we'll bring a flyswatter."

Immaculata, meanwhile, was having an easy time of it. With excellent balance, swift and poised, the Mighty Macs moved past Cal State, Long Beach (84–65), Montclair State (103–82) and William Penn (74–52), and on into the finals for the fifth straight year. Their coach, Cathy Rush, called it the finest team she has ever coached.

BROCK GOES UPCOURT ON TINY WHEELS



When Immaculata won its first AIAW championship four years ago, it was one of sport's best-kept secrets. For Saturday night's final, sportswriters from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles were on hand, as well as the wire services and NBC. One Mississippi radio station would broadcast the game to three states.

"There's no telling what will happen tonight," a Delta State official said. "This week we've had three tornadoes and an earthquake back home. Last night during the broadcast they took five people to the hospital with heart attacks."

"No matter what happens," promised Jimmy Taylor, one of two Mississippi state troopers assigned to travel with the team, "win or lose, after the team flies into Memphis we're gonna blue-light them all the way home to Cleveland."

The first half pitted Immaculata's crisp outside sharpshooters against Lucy Harris, and the Macs won that battle 32–25. To overcome the slower, more deliberate Lady Statesmen, Immaculata used a running game, streaking down the court, setting up and popping away repeatedly. The Mighty Macs got 16 field goals in the first half, only four from closer than 12 feet. But Harris, with 18 points, kept Delta State in the game.

At halftime the other Ladies decided to give their towering but tired star a little help. "I guess it's my turn," said Ramona Von Boeckman to team captain Wanda Hairston.

No longer looking only for Harris, the Delta State attack became more fluid. Slowly the Ladies caught up, and when they did the lead changed hands 15 times. Von Boeckman, backed by Hairston and the peppery Brock, was everywhere. Then, with 5:47 to play, Hairston went to the foul line and sank a pair to put Delta State ahead 53–52, and the lead never again changed hands.

In the last six minutes Immaculata was called for eight fouls and lost two of its starters—and that was the difference. Of Delta State's final 18 points, 14 of them came from the free-throw line, with Brock putting in the last four. The final score was 69–64. As the Lady Statesmen left for home, the folks down in Cleveland, Miss. got ready for another kind of tornado. **END**



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Pop goes the people's pick

The Coast was going gaga about Kojak's Derby candidate. Then . . .

Last Sunday's Santa Anita Derby, traditionally the best gauge for judging West Coast Kentucky Derby prospects, was supposed to be a race between Telly's Pop, a horse that looks like the one Lee Marvin sat on in *Cat Ballou*, and An Act, a once-beaten 3-year-old who flies a set of silks that might have been designed by Betsy Ross. They are red, white and blue with white stars, a white 76 on the front, a gold eagle on the back and a red, white and blue cap. Three weeks before the Santa Anita Derby the two had hooked up in the California Derby, and Telly's Pop went by An Act so quickly that the latter looked like a horse running in five feet of water. But in the 39th Santa Anita Derby, An Act got his revenge by beating a 48-to-1 shot, Double Discount, by a neck, and Telly's Pop, who finished a struggling fifth, by nine lengths

At one time, An Act, though he is a half-brother of the fine filly Sarsar, could have been bought for $7,500. Last March he was sold for $100,000 to a group of seven owners: two meat packers, a garment manufacturer, a real-estate developer, a breeder, a horseman and a bloodstock agent. The next outing for An Act will be the $200,000 Hollywood Derby on April 17, when he is expected to face Telly's Pop for the third time. He may beat him again, but the chances are he will never upstage him.

Though Telly's Pop is not the apple of a horseman's eye, he is good enough for Kojak, and that's good enough for a lot of horseplayers. The fact is, Telly's Pop is so common in appearance and conformation that he resembles a nag one might see in the opening race on a Tuesday card in the boondocks. His front legs are straight, his hooves so disparate that he must be shod in four different-sized shoes. Telly's Pop's pop, Bold Combatant, was a sore-legged racer who earned $1,210; his mom, Count Us Mary, won three races in four years. Bold Combatant was considered such a dud as a sire that he was unceremoniously dispatched to Japan in 1975. A search through the female line of Count Us Mary does not yield a stakes winner in more than 50 years. So how do you account for a Telly's Pop? Maybe with the old backstretch saying, "The best part about him is the part you can't see."



HE RAN NO GOODO FOR MUCHO MACHO

The smart money never believed in Telly's Pop because of his breeding and the fact that he is terrible in morning workouts. Before last weekend he had won six of eight starts and $343,870, but had been the betting favorite only twice. In the beginning he got no respect. He drew a top bid of only $4,200 in a yearling sale in 1974, so co-owners Mel Stute and Ken Dodd kept him. Stute called movie and television producer Howard Koch and offered him for $6,000. "I'm broke," said Stute. "You'll have to buy him for $6,000 or lend me $6,000."

Koch called actor and horse-owner Walter Matthau and offered to sell a half interest for $3,000. Matthau declined. Next Koch called Telly Savalas, ole Mucho Macho himself, and finally convinced Telly to buy half. "What do I know from horses?" Savalas says now. "I bet five dollars on a horse and if it loses I curse the breed for two days. But I went in. I named him after my father, who took me to my first race as a youngster. When I got to see Telly's Pop for the first time they told me he was a gelding. I thought gelding was a color like chestnut or bay. I was furious. The only horse Telly Savalas had was a *gelding*? What would that do for my image?"

Telly's Pop was gelded because he had a bad temper. When he was put into his first race, at Hollywood Park, he won at odds of 6 to 1. He went on to win $258,870 as a 2-year-old and become the second-leading earner ever (to Warfare) among California-bred juveniles.

"It isn't the fact that Telly's Pop has won four $100,000 stakes that interests me," says Savalas. "He is the people's horse. A little bookmaker told me that he was holding more than $980 on him the day before he won the California Derby, and most of it was in bets from housewives. When you are in this synthetic, commercial business that I'm in of spinning dreams and blowing bubbles, you look at a horse and, of course, you think of the Run for the Roses. I've heard all those stories about there being a lot of money behind Telly's Pop. No, there is a lot of love behind Telly's Pop."

Not since Silky Sullivan was running down his opponents in California in 1958 had a Coast campaigner attracted such attention. His blue and white silks are, in part, the flag of Greece, and when he races people surge to the paddock to gaze at him. As Savalas walks among them he tells the people to "come on down to the winner's circle, Baby." One morning recently at Santa Anita, Stute, his trainer, said, "I didn't know there were that many Greeks in California." Hundreds of people, Greeks and barbarians alike, have crowded winner's circles from Hollywood to Santa Anita to Del Mar, Bay Meadows and Golden Gate Fields at Savalas' invitation. There is another backstretch remark that suits Telly's Pop. "He carried his racetrack with him." His six wins have been earned on five different racetracks. Good horses do things like that.

And win or lose, Telly's Pop will keep drawing crowds, for, being a gelding, he is going to stay around and race a while. "This horse," says Stute, "could make a lot of money. I'd like to have him run 15 times this year, if possible."

Says Savalas, who still would like to get in his licks at Churchill Downs: "I have been drinking mint juleps for months." **END**



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Chipping away at Wooden

UCLA's Al Scates is one coach who won't get the ax. If he keeps felling opponents, he'll win more NCAA titles than the Wizard of Westwood

Two station wagons roll up. A dozen tall, sun-bronzed and mop-haired young men emerge toting duffel bags lettered UCLA VOLLEYBALL. Their mode of transportation is not as regal as that of the well-heeled basketball team, but in a few more years Al Scates' squads may have won more NCAA championships than the 10 titles John Wooden collected.

Since 1970, when volleyball became an NCAA sport, UCLA has spiked, blocked and served its way to five titles, winning every year except 1973, and it is sure to be the favorite late this month when Ball State hosts the championship in Muncie, Ind. Technically, the Bruins must first qualify in the District 8 playoffs at home in Pauley Pavilion the week before, but that should be a snap.

Despite his success, the 6′2½″ Scates shares a narrow, cramped office in back-to-back discomfort with gymnastics coach Art Shurlock. Scates has no recruiting budget, yet he manages to land top prospects simply by calling them up. "I must have a monster telephone bill," he says

A soft-spoken man, Scates does not complain, but says with a wry smile, "Once J D. [athletic director Morgan] doubles my salary, we'll be in great shape." That's a joke Not that Scates feels coaching should be a full-time endeavor. His main job is phys. ed instructor for the Beverly Hills school district. "I'd leave UCLA before I'd give up teaching," he declares When a school day ends Scates hops into his 1966 Porsche and drives a few miles west to UCLA, where he spends the next three hours—as well as most Saturdays—with the team.

Scates, 36, lives with his wife Sue and their three children in the San Fernando Valley community of Tarzana. He has written two books on his sport, one appropriately titled *Winning Volleyball*, which has gone into a second edition. But his knowledge of the game is more than academic. A member of four Bruin teams (1960-63) as a spiker and middle blocker, Scates was named USVBA All-America five times and competed on three U.S. men's national teams (1965-67). In his college days he entered two-man beach tournaments "with anyone who could hit my bad sets." One such was Keith Erickson, the Bruin basketball All-America now with the Phoenix Suns.

Since 1968 the U.S. has failed to qualify a volleyball team for Olympic competition. Scates, who coached the men's national teams in 1969, '71 and '72, doubts that American squads will have international success until more nationwide interest is aroused. "I see volleyball as the coming thing in this country, but support has to come on the grassroots level," he says. "School boards are reluctant to pay a coach and add sports at a time they are trying to cut back."

There is also a regional problem to contend with. "The East needs athletes who are good in basketball but want to play volleyball instead," says Scates. Sounds easy enough, but the idea of such a conversion is anathema to most people east of Los Angeles and north of Santa Barbara, as Scates is well aware.

Pragmatism dominates his coaching style. "I'm different from a lot of coaches," he likes to say. "You can get a player tired in two hours, you don't need three We have very little practice, so my teams are always fresh at the end of the season." He admits to another reason for short practices: "I don't like them." The Bruins meet two or three times a week for scrimmages and also compete in local tournaments.

Individual team members often work out on their own since Scates does not dictate any formal training schedule. "The whole year was pretty much left up to the individual," says Chris Irvin, a senior member last year who now attends law school "If a guy wasn't in shape, he knew he wouldn't play. Volleyball is a real student-athlete sport."

Although Scates has a laissez-faire approach, he expects his players to police themselves. "I don't have a mimeographed sheet of my rules," he says. "Most of the time my players decide among themselves what time they should be in the night before a match." Ed Machado, a member of three championship teams and now a rival coach at San Diego State, recalls, "We made our own rules. Al rarely said anything."

The fierce competition among the players to avoid the bench eases Scates' job considerably. "Vohodi misses a practice unless he is sick and then we don't want him contaminating everyone," he says. "If a guy misses, he knows he'll be behind and might lose his position. Even if a player is injured he'll attend and shag balls." Fred Sturm, a senior spiker, says, "There's so much competition from the freshmen alone Everyone goes."

In 1974 Scates fielded a feisty team that was short by volleyball standards—most of its members were under 6′2″—and yet it upset host UC Santa Barbara in five hard-fought games for the NCAA title. It remains his favorite squad and triumph "That team came the closest of

continued



SCATES HAS A LOW BUDGET BUT A HIGH PHONE BILL

all to reaching its full potential," he says. "Santa Barbara was awesome physically. We looked like a team of pygmies next to them. But they had gotten into a pattern of hitting the ball at the same area. We knew where they were going to hit it and our backcourt guys refused to let it hit the floor."

Twice Scates sent in freshman Sabin Perkins to serve, and despite a broken finger he responded with nine points, including the one that put the Bruins ahead to stay. "I told Sabin to serve as hard as he could, that the ball would either hit the back wall or go in," says Scates, of the strategy that paid off.

Volleyball is not the only interest his players have, and more than a few satisfy a wanderlust by sailing, surfing or driving off before their eligibility is up. Perkins failed to show up his sophomore season; he traveled by van to Mexico, then returned and enrolled at a junior college. "I'd like to get that serve back here," Scates says wistfully.

Last May, Scates had a younger, more serene team in the finals, which were held in Pauley before 8,000. UCSB was again heavily favored, having defeated the Bruins four times during a 30-0 season. Shortly before the match commenced, the Gauchos were led in yoga exercises by their coach.

"When I saw that, I told my assistant Andy Banachowski, 'We've got them,' " says Scates. "They were so tense and wound up. My guys were relaxed and loose." The Bruins swept by their opponent 15–9, 7–15, 15–9, 15–10.

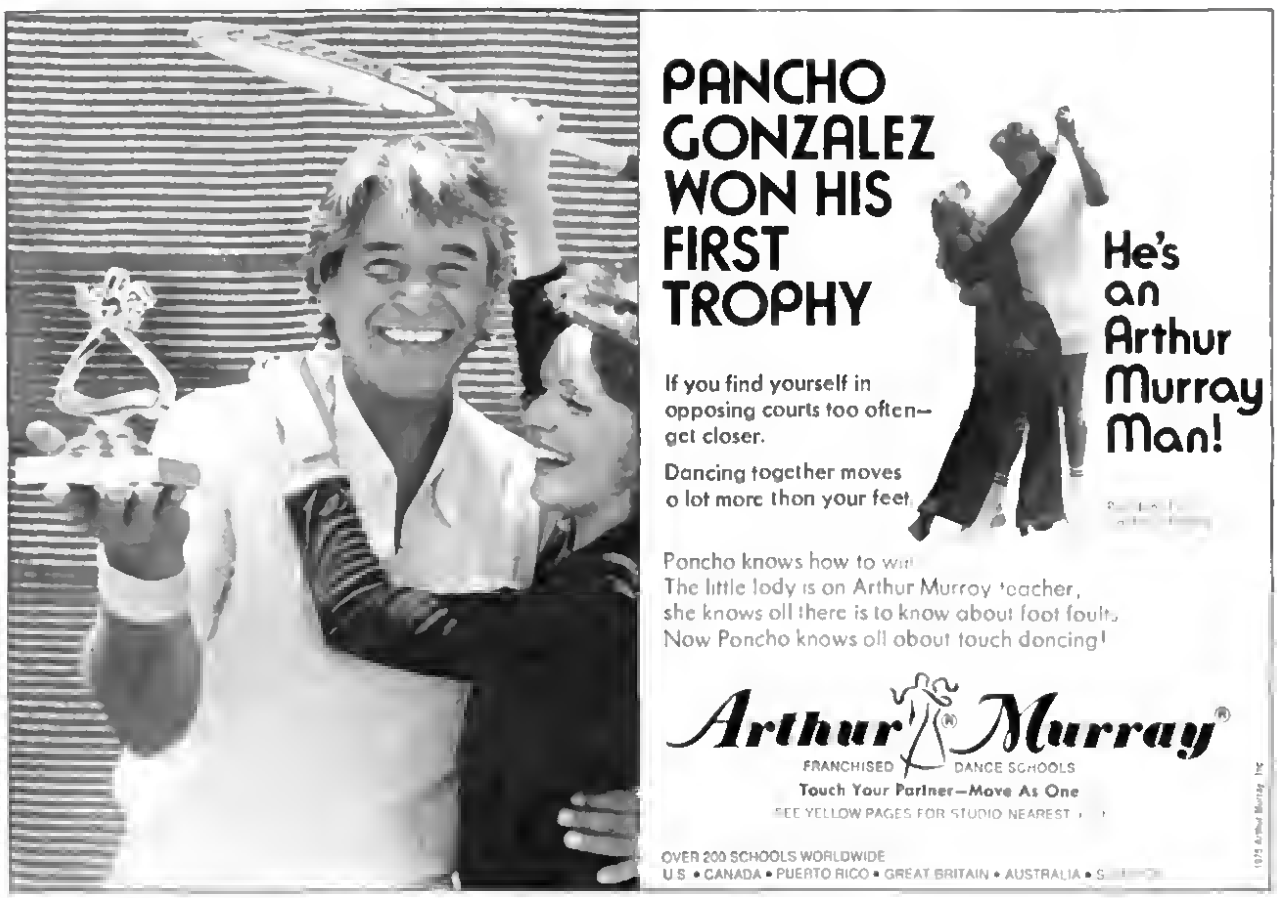
This year's team is youthful also, with only four seniors on the 16-man roster. Scates' prized recruit is 6′7″ freshman K. C. Keller, a former Los Angeles area resident who attended high school in Canada. With such returnees as 6′3″ Denny Cline, 6′2½″ Joe Mica (an all-tournament selection last year as a freshman), 6′3½″ Fred Sturm and 6′4½″ Mike Gottschall, the Bruins have more size than heretofore.

UCLA employs a two-setter offense, in which sophomores Peter Ashley and David Olhright hang the ball for the taller, high-leaping spikers on their left or right. Normally two power hitters will converge on a set, one for faking purposes. The height of a spiker's jump is crucial to the success of a given play. If he has a poor jump, the opponent's blockers stand a good chance of sending the ball back over the net.

As early as December, Scates began recording how high his players could leap from a stationary position. Joe Mica leads the team with a 43″ take-off; therefore, at the top of his jump he can touch 11′3″, high enough to spike over almost any block. Scates also keeps statistics on his players' spikings, serves and heights of sets.

"Al has the most organized volleyball program in the country," says Machado, who assisted him in 1973 and '74. "I did everything I could to build the program while I was there. Now I'm trying to figure a way to beat it."

For sure, it's going to take more than the lotus position. **END**



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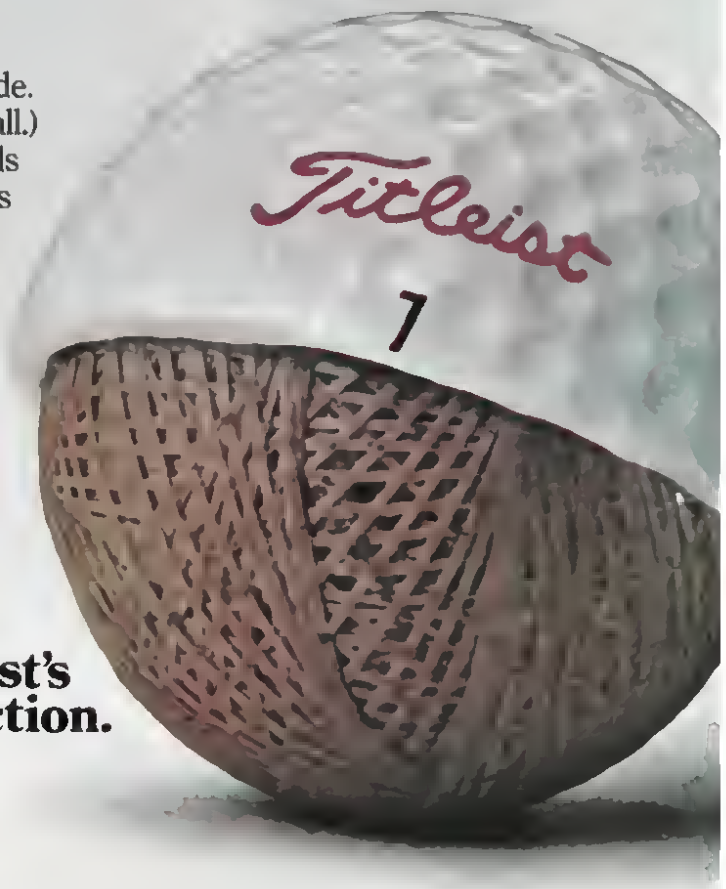
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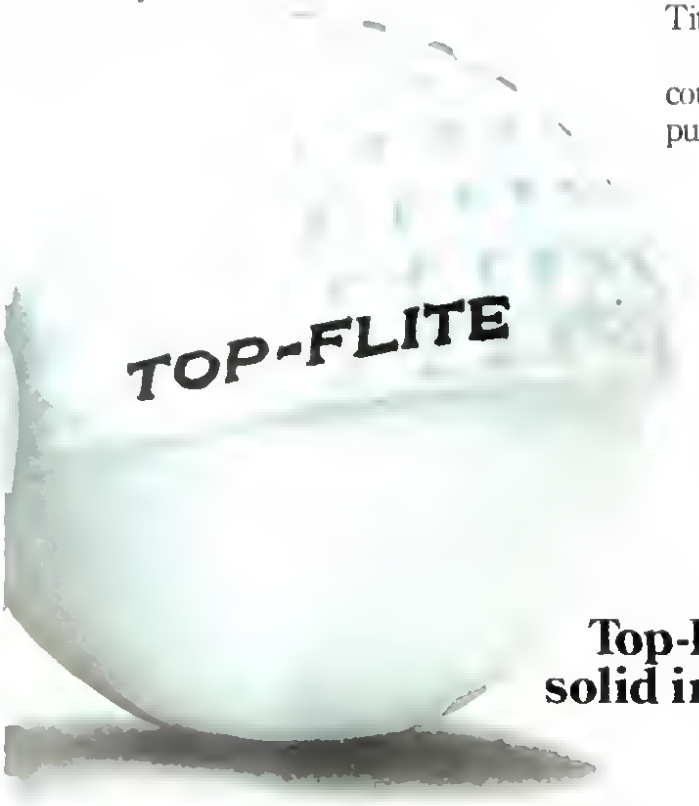
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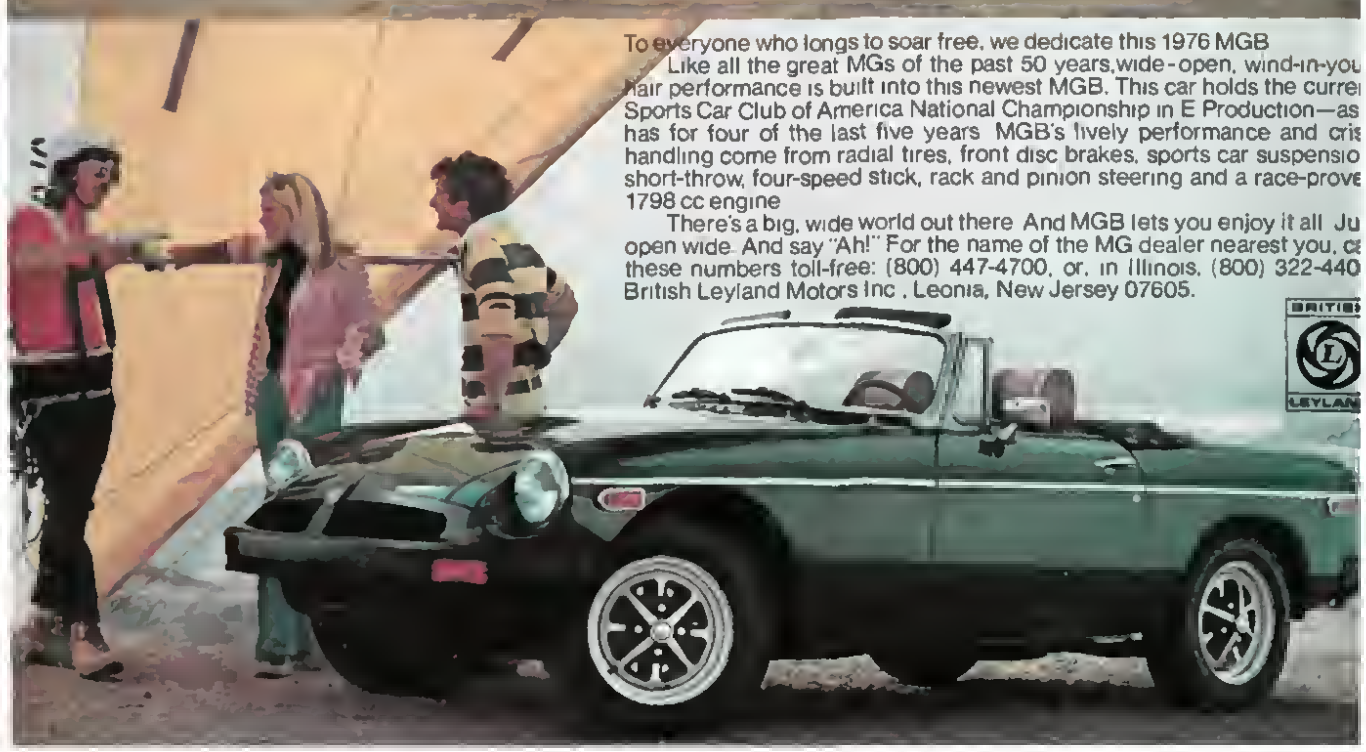
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Winning one for the skip

The U.S. showed the world that we're not a bunch of rinky-dinks

As the 1976 curling championship of the planet Earth glided along in the raw gray environs of Duluth last week, much of the talk was of one team—the American—and, more heatedly, of one man, a thin and sometimes diabolical-looking primary-school teacher named Bruce Roberts. He was the skip, the captain and strategist of the four-man U.S. entry. And as the tournament moved through its initial round-robin eliminations, his domination over his team and, ultimately, over the entire challenging field of nine other nations, came to be so overwhelming that people took to referring to the U.S. entry as "Roberts." Thus it was that Roberts conquered France, Roberts vanquished Switzerland, Roberts rolled on to grand triumphs over Scotland, Canada, Italy, West Germany, Denmark and Norway. Indeed, his approach to the sport lay somewhere between the philosophies of Napoleon and Vince Lombardi. With withering intensity, Roberts said, "To me, the ice is war. My sole purpose in being there is to win. I believe that a winner never quits and a quitter never wins."

Curling is an ancient pastime, first played in Scotland around the turn of the 16th century. The object of the game is to leave the most stones—42-pound spheroids of polished rock—nearest the center of a large bull's-eye on the ice, known as the "house." And while the object of the game is simple, the playing of it is not. A world-class curler can propel a stone at a precise speed in a perfectly calibrated arc. He knows the exact physics of kissing an opponent's stone out of the house while leaving his own in a scoring area. He scrupulously supervises his sweepers, who whisk the ice with brooms ahead of the gliding stone; as they sweep, the surface temperature rises imperceptibly, making the stone slip along ever so slightly farther than it would otherwise.

Curling, as it has developed over the centuries, is generally a calm and comradely pastime, a game perhaps more closely associated with the ways of portly middle age than of charging youth. Last week in Duluth, however, this was not quite the case. Roberts' team is a young and hungry bunch, all big strong sons of miners reared in the tough old town of Hibbing on the Mesabi iron range. The team, called a "rink," was founded and forged by the 33-year-old Roberts two years ago. Its teamwork has been polished to the point where it resembles clockwork. Besides Roberts, the Hibbing rink includes his brother Joey, 24; Gary Kleffmann, 23; and Jerry Scott, 23. How did they achieve such precision? "We're all very close," said Roberts. "We fish and we all go hunting together, and, in fact, we're all actually relatives. Joey and I are brothers, Gary and Jerry are cousins, and last fall Joey married Gary's sister."

However close the ties that bind this rink, the core of its energy is Roberts. He displays an almost demonic determination when he curls. When his deep-set, glowering blue eyes take the sight line for sending off a stone, they seem capable of melting the ice—and everything else in range. His concentration is as deep as any chess master's and, on occasion, the bite of his desire to win offends the gentler curling purists. A couple of times last week he reacted to an imperfect shot by his rink by shaking his broom imperiously; occasionally he displayed unmistakable disdain for poor performances by his opponents.

Such actions, mild as they seem compared to those in other sports, were shocking to curlers. Roberts himself was unmoved by the criticism. "You can't be friendly with an opponent during a competition," he said. "I am an intense guy, a hostile guy when I am curling. So is the team. We are volatile guys. We have actually had fistfights in matches on the iron range." Nothing close to that happened in Duluth last week but Roberts was all but invincible during the round-robin phase of the competition. When that was over, the U.S. stood on top with an 8-1 record; Switzerland, which won the 1975 world championship, was second at 7-2; Scotland third at 6-3, and Sweden fourth after a tie-breaker match with Italy. These four teams entered a weekend sudden-death contest.

The Americans, who have won two championships since world curling titles were created in 1959, seemed to be the class of the 1976 meet. The semifinal against Sweden, which had handed Roberts his only loss, was a runaway 9-3 U.S. revenge. Roberts brought his usual malevolent look and his "ice is war" philosophy to this match; yet there was a misleading aspect to this competitive image. That morning he had watched TV cartoons, such as the Pink Panther and the Road Runner, his routine Saturday morning activity. "I never miss them," he said. "To get along with kids, you have to stay young. To do that, it helps to understand and do the things kids do." And each weekday morning during the round-robin marathon he continued to go to school and teach his fifth-graders, setting up a kind of Mr. Chips and Dr. Strangelove dual personality, each one adjustable to the setting.

Roberts was plainly more Strangelove than Chips in Sunday's championship match in which the U.S. met Scotland, which had edged the Swiss 4–3. In a tense duel, Roberts outskipped his opposite number, a doughty little man named Bill Muirhead, and the U.S. eked out a 6–5 victory that was not decided until the next to last stone was curled.

No sooner was the world championship won than Roberts left off his curling campaign against the world and turned back into Mr. Chips, making up report cards for his students and preparing for parents' conferences on Monday. Asked about his abrupt turnabout, Roberts grinned, shrugged and said, "I have been curling since I was seven. That's 26 years. You should never forget that this game is played on ice. It's bound to be a little nuts." **END**



MAD ABOUT THE GAME: BRUCE ROBERTS



HO HUM, FAHS, AHOTHER BIRDIE PUTT

GOLF / *Sarah Pileggi*

One, two, three for Hubie

To a list of regal names that includes Hogan, Snead and Palmer add Hubert Green, who won his third straight event, the Heritage Classic

It used to bother Hubert Green that people couldn't remember who he was. Even after he had been on the tour four years and had won three tournaments, they were still confusing him with another golfer, Bert Greene or, worse, overlooking him altogether. He strode the fairways anonymously, with only an occasional good old boy from Birmingham to hollow, "Git 'em, Hubie!" Eventually he took to wearing green clothes, and that helped a little. So did the fact that he continued to win tournaments and make money.

But it was not until last week that Green, now known far and wide as Hubie, became big news. When he won the Heritage Golf Classic at Harbour Town on Hilton Head Island, S.C., with rounds of 68–67–66–73 = 274, he joined a select group of golfers, the winners of three consecutive tour events. The last to do it was Johnny Miller in 1974. Before that there were Arnold Palmer in 1960 and 1962, Billy Casper in 1960, Jim Ferrier in 1951, Bobby Locke in 1947, Ben Hogan in 1946, Sam Snead in 1945 and Byron Nelson in 1944. Only two players have had longer strings. Jackie Burke Jr. with four in 1952 and Nelson with his unapproachable 11 straight in 1945.

No one can explain why a golfer of Green's caliber—good but not great—is suddenly able to win three straight tournaments. Green attributes his superb play to a slight adjustment in his putting stance—moving his hands a little farther ahead and playing the ball back a little farther—which is enough to explain a good round, not three tournaments. But Green has a self-deprecatory kind of wit. He likes to allude to the meager size of his brain, comparing it variously to an egg, a pea or an unusually small green. The posture of an easygoing country boy, the down-home badinage with the press are a thin disguise for a high-strung and fiercely competitive personality.

"I go for the pin at all times," he said recently. "I don't want to finish second three weeks in a row. I just want to win. I always try to get the ball on the putting surface. To me it's not a gamble. It's the way I play the game."

Until he began his streak, Green's best finish this year had been a tie for 11th at the Crosby. When he missed the cut at the Citrus in Orlando, Fla. four weeks ago, he went straight to his house at Bay Point near Panama City in the Florida panhandle and began hitting balls. One day on the practice tee he hit 250 drives and then, because all the caddies were busy, picked up the balls himself.

The next week at Doral he played the Blue Monster in 66–70–65–69 = 270, 18 strokes under par. He beat Jack Nicklaus and Mark Hayes by six unarguable strokes. He was hitting his irons so long, he said, he was unable to gauge them.

The next week at the Deerwood Club in Jacksonville he opened up with a routine 72, but then, with two straight 67s and a 70 on Sunday, he won again, this time by two strokes over Miller Barber. "I'm tired right now. I'm glad to get it over," he said. "Patience is something you have to learn out here. I'm a lot better than I was a couple of years ago."

His victory in the Heritage Classic was the most impressive. Harbour Town is only 6,655 yards long, but it is toughened with small greens, narrow fairways and a lot of water in the form of lagoons and salt marsh. It is ranked among the top 30 courses in the country, and it is one of the five or six best that the pros see all year. The winners of the Heritage—Nicklaus, Palmer, Miller, Hale Irwin and Bob Goalby—are a good measure of the quality of the course.

While Green, with his chicken-winged putting stance and his semicrouched address, is not quite poetry in motion, he does know his strengths. He is happiest, for instance, on the grainy Bermuda greens of the Southeast, the same kind he grew up on in Birmingham. "I'd rather putt on bumpy greens. I know how to roll the ball on them," he said at Doral. "When there is a lot of grain and I'm putting well, I should always have a two-stroke lead on the field."

While insisting he was getting more and more tired, in a sense his game at Harbour Town got better and better. After a first-round 68 that included four birdies in the first seven holes he said, "This is ridiculous. I'm not this good a golfer."

After the second-round 67 that gave him the lead by a stroke over Irwin, he said, "This pressure is like taking a college exam over and over again. I've made more birdies in the past three weeks than I've made in the previous year. I'm even beginning to get tired of raising my hand to acknowledge applause!"

Saturday's 66 was a peculiar round. Green parred only five holes, just one on the front side. The rest was nine birdies

continued

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interspersed with four bogeys that put him 12 strokes under par, four ahead of his nearest competitor, Bob Murphy. His enterprise came close to foundering briefly when he made back-to-back bogeys at the 11th and 12th holes. After bunkering his tee shot at the 13th, his second shot hit a tree and found another bunker. With a third straight bogey staring him in the face, he began to make excuses to himself. "I'm so tired it's all right for me to make bogey here," went the refrain. But Green is not the golfer he used to be. The new Green got himself out of that mental trap and saved par.

"He's tired, but he has control," said his wife Judi the next morning. "He has discovered for the first time how strong he really is."

Hubert spent Sunday morning cooking a breakfast steak for himself and entertaining 7-month-old Hubert Myatt Green III at the Greens' rented villa across the street from the clubhouse. When his 1:22 tee time finally arrived, he began with a three-putt bogey from 45 feet. But Murphy, playing in the group just ahead and the golfer in the best position to turn the day into a contest, triple bogeyed the second hole. So Green's bogey actually gained him two strokes.

With a 20-foot birdie putt on 6 and another bogey after a poor bunker shot on 7, Green made the turn one over for the day, 11 under for the tournament. Nicklaus, playing with Green and Graham Marsh in the last group, had started the day eight strokes back. He picked up two on the front nine and was five behind at the turn. But on the back nine Nicklaus, too, made it easy for Green. He bogeyed 10, 13, 14 and 18 and finished two under in a tie for 11th.

In fact, not one of Green's five closest pursuers at the start of the final round was able to make up any ground on the winner, even though Green shot a 73, his first over-par round in three weeks. Jerry McGee, 10 strokes behind through Saturday, holed a bunker shot at 18 for a 68 and took the second place that nobody else seemed to want, five strokes back.

Standing on the 12th green at midafternoon Sunday with a five-stroke lead, Hubert remarked to Nicklaus that it seemed to him as though he had it won. Nicklaus, looking at a 10-foot putt, replied, according to Green, "Dooon't bet on it, boy." Green hurriedly apologized. And Jack missed the putt. March was that kind of month for Hubert Green. END

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The Student

Removed from the showcase of his sport, what is he, who is he—the big-time college basketball player? A look at Missouri's Jim Kennedy

by John Underwood







The Athlete

James Gary Joseph Kennedy Jr., age 20, is a forward on the University of Missouri basketball team that recently went to the finals of the NCAA Midwest Regional playoffs after winning the Big Eight Conference championship, the school's first outright title in that league since 1930, when it was composed of six teams. Technically, therefore, it is Missouri's first Big "Eight" championship. Jim Kennedy is the team's second leading scorer and its most aggressive offensive player, which is to say he is not afraid to get his nose bloodied going to the basket. On defense, he is not as aggressive.

Kennedy is a marketing major, a junior "getting by" mostly with Cs. He has blue eyes, a somewhat fleshy nose, lank brown hair he fears he is losing, and is good-looking enough at 6' 6", 209 pounds to attract signals of interest from various Missouri coeds. Some of these signals are untimely and get him into jams with his regular girl, a symmetrical and well-favored brunette named Terri. Holding what is known in the NCAA lexicon as a "full scholarship" (value: $1,879 a year), Kennedy is given tuition, books and supplies, meals, laundry money, a housing allowance and an allotment of Missouri game tickets in return for his basketball services.

His friends characterize Kennedy as a bright, unassuming young man too straightforward to talk from but one side of his mouth. He drives a 1966 Mustang convertible, lives in an off-campus two-bedroom apartment with three teammates and aspires to play pro basketball. Two years ago Kennedy's father, a furniture salesman, suffered a fatal heart attack while attempting an overhead smash in a tennis match in North Carolina, where he was on business. Kennedy and his father were close. Kennedy wanted to quit school and return to St. Louis to help the family, which includes three sisters, two older than he. His mother was insistent. She told him to "get your fanny back in school."

Kennedy asked for $3 worth of gas and went around to watch as the attendant at the cut-rate pump plunged the nozzle into the Mustang. "It might not know what to do with that much," Kennedy said. "I usually get a dollar's worth. They hate to see me come in here. I dollar 'em to death."

Kennedy wore cotton pants and a flannel shirt and desert boots, and his 2-year-old tapioca-colored cashmere coat, bought in a closeout sale at Boyd's in St. Louis, was unbuttoned, the weather being unusually mild for February in Missouri. He had retrieved the car from a parking lot outside his girl friend's apartment on the outskirts of Columbia. It had sat there for three days while he used *her* Mustang convertible, a 1968 model. "Hers had gas," he explained.

There were other qualitative differences. Hers was blue and his was white and had less paint—or more rust—and his included the residue of his life-style: peanut shells, broken pencil stubs, a screwdriver, a crumpled letter with the greeting "Dear Foul-Up," and two dusty tapes of the rock groups America and Bread. The fragrance lingered from the time he had left the top down and rain soaked the cushions. And for a radio antenna he had substituted a coat hanger bent double, a friend had grabbed the antenna and snapped it off while falling from the hood in the aftermath of a party.

The Mustang was a family hand-me-down, he said, that he had helped pay for by painting houses in the summer on the west side of St. Louis. "My dad put money down, then gave the car to my sister. She gave it to me. One of these days it's going to be worth a lot of money. A collector's item."

He got into the car and pulled the tails

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON

of his cashmere coat around him and fired the engine. "Always starts right up," he said, and fired it again, ". . . on the second try." He twirled the wheel with two fingers and stomped the gas pedal and, coming out of the station, stuffed a cartridge into the tape deck he and a roommate had installed. The deck's wiring hung down from the dash like whips of licorice. He said he wished he were heading for the river instead of the campus.

Bay-be I'ma want you . . .

"A perfect day for cruising," he said.

Bay-be I'ma need you . .

On such days, he said, he put the top down, and his baseball cap on and, with a kindred "cruiser" or two, went on missions of discovery. Often he took Route N south, down to the Missouri River where it bends in near Easley, 15 minutes out of Columbia.

"The river is beautiful there," he said. "I think it's the prettiest part of the state." Last year, he said, he took with him a former teammate who had been unable to get along with the coach, a player who "had always said what he thought," which didn't make for a lasting relationship. The player was transferring to a school in the East. They came to the river in a melancholy mood, with a fifth of Southern Comfort in a bag, "and we climbed the cliff overlooking the river. By the time we got up there we were so tired from the climb all we did was sit and drink and look at the river."

He said school was not so demanding that he couldn't find time for periodic flights to the river. The riverbank, in fact, was a congenial study hall—often he could get in three or four hours of uninterrupted reading there. "In the spring we take tents, and a few six-packs, and camp out. It'd be better if I had a Jeep—I'd love to have a Jeep. This thing takes a beating. Sometimes we take girls along. Sometimes we take shotguns and shoot. I've got a 12-gauge and a 20 my father left me. He and I used to go bird hunting. Quail, pheasant. I haven't been for a while."

It don't matta to me, if you take up with someone who's bettah than me . . .

He turned the Mustang into College Avenue and passed a panel truck, whipping the car out and in again with two fingers.

"I really miss my dad. I don't guess I'm over it. He was always so active. We used to go for walks, and talk. *He* would talk and I'd listen. I didn't realize how much sense he made until I was 16 or so. We were really close after that. He was only 59 when he died. Young."

He said his mother came to all the games, and when they were on the road she sat by the radio exerting influence with her rosary beads. "When Dad died, she was very strong about me staying in school. She's a great person. I owe her a lot. I don't know if I'll get to play in the pros, but if I could make some money I'd do it. It used to be a guy 6'6" was an offsize, too big for guard, too small for forward, but now there's plenty my size playing pro. Swing men. And I'm white. They could use a few whites. It may be my biggest asset."

College Avenue skirts the eastern perimeter of the Missouri campus. Kennedy made a left on University, the bisecting artery, and slowed for the midmorning traffic. He said playing for Missouri was something he wanted to do, not something he was charmed into. He had seen Norman Stewart, the Missouri coach, only once before he got to Columbia, "when he visited my parents."

Abruptly, Kennedy turned the Mustang into the rear parking lot of an undistinguished six-story brick building identified on the facade as Tiger Towers, and took the last available spot. He said college life wasn't everything it was cracked up to be, but what was? He said there *were* times, however—

"Honolulu was the best," he said. "I gotta go back. We played two games there before Christmas, but we were so awed, the beaches and all, we blew the first one." He said the next day he discovered that a Missouri pompon girl had also made the trip. "I saw her on the beach, in a really foxy bikini. I said, 'Oh, God.' " A friend with a car came and picked up the group. "We stocked up with Coors and traveled around the island all day long. I never drank so much beer. That night when we got back they had a luau going, with an open bar."

When the team went onto the floor for the next night's game, he said, "I thought I was going to die. Half the team was hung over. And we played one of the best games we ever played, and won. I scored about 28 points. I don't know what that tells you, but I doubt Coach Stewart would get the same meaning. We had to be in good shape to live through it."

He paused at the bicycle cage near the rear door of the brick building. A 10-speed bike was chained to the fence, its front wheel missing. "That's mine," he said. "The guy who stole the wheel must have been blind. The chain was just



A marketing major. Kennedy is "getting by."



When Jim wanted to drop out, Peggy Kennedy told her son "to get your fanny back in school."

looped over the seat. All he had to do was lift it off and he could have had the whole bike. If you don't chain things down around here, you get *ripped off*. That's why I've decided to keep my shotguns at home." He opened the door and went inside.

The Apartment

There is no sex discrimination at Tiger Towers. The 176 coed units rent from $225 a month to nonstudents and students alike, though it is located on campus. The building has laundry and game rooms, a study lounge and a main-floor reception area with a 24-inch color television. The building is ten years old but appears considerably older. The motif is school-spirit oriented: Tiger golds and Tiger blacks in rugs, decorations, accessories, etc. Kennedy said he quit using the laundry when he found that he could get his clothes a lot cleaner at a laundromat two blocks away, and that he "never did like black and gold."

Each apartment is furnished, and includes a bath and a kitchenette. On some nights, Kennedy said, the smells of various ethnic dishes—curry, collard greens—mingle in the halls. Sometimes it is not the cooking alone. Sometimes, he says, you can get a high "just walking down the hall."

Many of the doors on the second floor are padlocked. Outside No. 124 there is a message scratched in the wall in a girl's handwriting: "Came by to see you but you weren't here as usual. DZ." One-twenty-four is home for Danny Van Rheen, a 6′6″ forward from Houston; for Scott Sims, a 6′1″ guard from Kirkville, Mo.; for Kim Anderson, a 6′8″ forward from Sedalia, Mo.; and for Jim Kennedy. All have been starters except Van Rheen, who is a confirmed substitute. All are juniors. All are on full scholarship. None is a zealous housekeeper.

A glowing Pabst Beer sign on one wall illuminates discarded shoes and articles of clothing, a scattering (or a collection) of empty beer cans and, in the kitchen alcove, a trash can in perpetual overflow.

Kennedy and Van Rheen are roommates, protruding from beds that are 6′2″ long. Van Rheen has a quick, toothy smile and expressive eyebrows and is regarded as a botanical genius for keeping three house plants alive in a room in which interest in the environment is otherwise expressed exclusively in wall posters (a landscape, a seascape). The dressers and nightstands are littered with empty ice-milk cartons, soft-cover books by Daniel Defoe and John Wooden, throat lozenges, a can of auto touch-up paint, a tube of Preparation H, a half-empty bottle of Michelob, a Panasonic radio on top of an Emerson radio and a Wolfman mask draped over a desk lamp. An action photo of Bruce Lee in a stance suggesting imminent havoc faces the window on which a yellow-paper sign reads, "Up your binky with a chocolate winky."

"My little sister put the sign up," said Jim Kennedy, lolling in a chair to catch the first vibrations of Bob Dylan on a borrowed stereo. "My mother would never come in here."

Lay lady lay, lay across my big brass bed . . .

He said he and Danny were going to move out next year, to a new apartment near Terri's place, where the rent is $180 for two. He said they'd have to paint some houses to hack the difference. "The hassle," said Kennedy, "is getting your deposit back. Forty bucks. They always hassle you about the deposit."

"If we don't get it, I'm going to leave a few more holes for them to remember us by."

"Yeah, man, make it worthwhile," said Kennedy. They joined in cheering noises, relishing the specter of busting up the place in the name of justice.

Over Bob Dylan, the shower hissed.

"I'd play my favorite Beach Boys album for you, but somebody stole it," said Kennedy.

"What they stole was my $1,000 stereo," said Van Rheen. "Your album just happened to be on the turntable."

"It's all in how you look at it. Your stereo happened to be on the bottom of the album."

"That's the first time we've been ripped off. One guy down the hall got hit twice this year. They just bust the door down and walk in while you're away. Nobody seems to hear anything. Nobody has eyes. They took my stereo, two TV sets, the watch I got from playing in the Commissioners Tournament last year and Jim's Missouri watch. All the expensive stuff."

The redeeming factor of Tiger Towers, said Kennedy, was that in the bedlam hours of a postgame party it could take on a very warm, friendly glow. On those occasions the traffic was terrific and there was no sense closing the door.

"Only thing better is Meat's place in the basement of the Sigma Chi house," Kennedy said.

The bathroom door opened and Kim Anderson emerged in terry-cloth shorts, a towel over his dripping Buster Brown haircut. Dylan clicked and made way for the Doobie Brothers at top volume on the stereo.

Oh black watah, keep on rollin' . . .



Kennedy finds solitude at a favorite spot, a bend in the Missouri 15 minutes from campus.

"Where's Scott?"

"Brooding somewhere, I guess. His girl threatened him if he didn't quit drinking beer."

"What a pain."

"She's the one I told you about. She's so pretty none of the girls like her."

"Whataya mean, girls? I'm down on her act, myself. Terri gets mad at me, too, but she's cool about it."

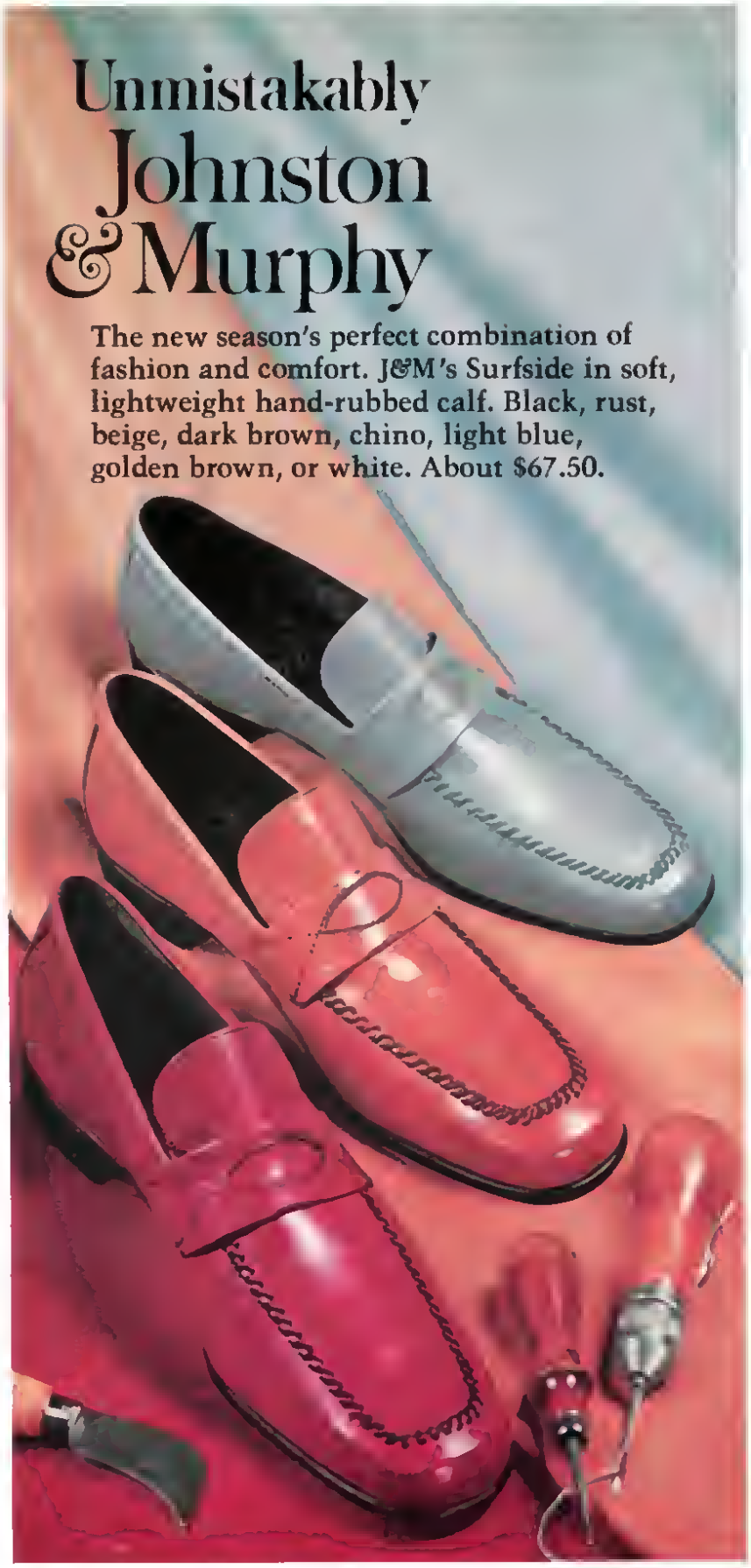
"How you doing with the pompon girl?"

"She was hanging around after the game the other night, but I think she saw me with Terri."

"Did you make your 7:40 class?" Anderson asked Kennedy. Anderson is an honor student.

"You know how that is. I don't think they should allow 7:40s. I've made it four times in five weeks. That's four out of 15."

continued



The Student *continued*

"You don't have to go at all if you can get the notes."

"Except for the tests."

"They don't even take roll most of the time. *Never* in the lecture halls. How could they? It'd take the whole period."

. . . *Mississippi moon wontcho keep on shining* . . .

The School

The reason for Columbia, Mo. is the University of Missouri. Founded in 1839, the first state university west of the Mississippi, its landmarks include the largest nuclear research reactor on any campus, the original grave marker of Thomas Jefferson and the world's first school of journalism. J-schoolers make up 1,036 of the 23,000 students and project a fierce intramural competition onto the pages of the *Columbia Missourian*, the city's principal morning daily, and the in-house tabloids *ManEater* and *Campus Digest*, staffed by pre-J-schoolers.

The Missouri campus is an architectural mismarriage, the painstaking old and the stark, slab-sided, glass-and-aluminum new. But inside those walls there is a Midwestern consistency and a profound functionalism. The 4-year-old, $11 million Warren E. Hearnes Multipurpose Building, a giant hat box that seats 12,600 for basketball, was so named to convince the state legislature it would house many things (offices, indoor tracks, courts, lecture halls, etc.). Missouri has not had a significant social protest on campus since 1972, when an antiwar group made what was later termed a tepid rebuke of an ROTC parade.

In this calm, vacuumlike crucible, Kennedy moves serenely. He takes only 12 hours of courses a week during the basketball season and no more than 15 in the off-season. His instructors fill his head with "cash flow" and "average rate of return" and "capital rationing," in courses like Personnel Management (Monday-Wednesday-Friday) and Corporate Financing (Tuesday-Thursday) and Marketing and various labs (Thursday-Friday), and for the most part he finds he does not have to answer back, only pay attention. He also takes a "fun" liberal arts course called The Education of Exceptional Children. His favorite course this semester is a Thursday-only corporate finance lab, taught to a group of about 20 by a very pretty young woman who wears blue jeans in class and "just happens to be a terrific lecturer. Cool as ice." Kennedy said her class would be worth monitoring even if you weren't interested in cash flow and average rates of return.

"The J-schoolers cover us like nobody's business," said Jim Kennedy. He and Van Rheen had begun their walk to

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lunch, crossing Hitt Street and moving down Lowry Street in the mainstream of class-bound pedestrians.

"It's like a lab for them, competing like crazy for stories."

"They all look alike," said Van Rheen. "They got that Woody's look—button-down collars, sweaters, plaid pants. If Woody's [a popular men's store] comes out with a new style, they're the first to have it."

Kennedy responded to a beep from a passing motorist, and then a "Hey, Jimbo, what's doing, babe?" He had discarded his favorite cashmere coat for a lighter jacket.



Kennedy has been going steady with psych major Terri Matheis since high school.

"The M-Bar will be packed today," said Van Rheen. The M-Bar, Kennedy explained, was a little lunchroom in the basement of the bookstore that spilled out onto a large cement bench on good days. "The regulars take their coffee out and watch the girls go by. Some guys spend their entire school lives having coffee in front of the M-Bar. They oughta give credits."

"In the spring we lead the nation in streakers right through there," Kennedy said. "At least we did a couple of years ago. *Parades* of streakers were running through Greek Town and around the Columns. Remember the one who rode the white horse? A little chubby but nice."

"My favorite was the blonde on the motorcycle."

"I think a couple of the basketball players streaked. And some of the football guys. They oughta give credits for *that*."

A walk across campus for a basketball player could be alternately exhilarating and humbling, Kennedy said. "One guy stopped me the other day and said, 'How'd you do this year, Jim?' He thought the season was over."

Van Rheen and Kennedy came to a one-story frame house, the Black Culture Center.

"A black kid got shot right here two years ago," said Kennedy. "A basketball player who'd become ineligible and quit the team. A *Missourian* writer tried to make it sound like Coach Stewart had been insensitive to the guy and that was why he was dead. Pure crap. Stewart can get pretty sarcastic, but he sure doesn't confine it to the blacks. He's always telling Kim and me we're the worst two defensive forwards in the Big Eight. He's always telling me I'm lazy. If anything, the black athletes get treated better than whites, and you can quote me."

"The thing is, when a white guy gets hassled and quits the team, it's discipline," Van Rheen said. "When a black guy gets kicked off, it's prejudice. The St. Louis papers write all that stuff, about blacks not wanting to come here. How tough it is for them. I think the black guys we have get along fine."

"I think a coach has a harder time disciplining a black guy because he doesn't think a black will take it," Kennedy said. "The white guys are used to discipline, so they can't get away with anything. They get disciplined and they stick around. The coaches aren't sure a black guy won't say, 'The hell with you, I'm leaving.' Little things get by—showing up late for meetings, facial hair. If I grew a mustache Stewart would cut it off the next day."

They crossed the street and ducked into Lewis and Clark Hall, where scholarship athletes at Missouri have a private cafeteria. The cafeteria dispenses high-quality food, well prepared, no limit to a customer. The athletes are allowed three meals a day there, two on Sunday. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are steak days. After a lunch of soup, veal sandwiches, green beans, Lyonnaise potatoes and ice cream from a custard machine at the end of the service line, Kennedy and Van Rheen split for their afternoon classes. Kennedy toyed with the idea of happening by the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority to see if his pompon girl might be out getting some sun, but thought better of it. "I'm in enough trouble already," he said.

At the modern Middlebush classroom building, Kennedy descended a half flight of stairs onto a crowded landing and made his way through a bank of doors into a lecture hall for his class in corporate financing. The auditorium, with seats for over 500, sloped to a stage. Twin rows of television sets hung from the ceiling. Kennedy took a place near the back of the class, on the right. Students piled in, shucking coats and rattling newspapers, half-filling the hall. A boy in a "Florida" sweat shirt passed Kennedy a copy of the *Campus Digest* and said something, but class began before Kennedy could open the paper.

The professor, a man in his 30s, wore a brown dress shirt, brown pants held smartly in check by a big-buckled belt and a tie that from a distance appeared to be Tiger gold and black. "Always wears the same outfit," Kennedy said. The instructor clipped a microphone to his neck and began to go over a test the students had taken. His voice came over the loudspeaker in a flat metallic tenor, as if issuing from an old-fashioned wind-up Victrola.

"The grade cutoffs are 21, 18, 15 and 12," he said. "Below 12 and you're in serious trouble."

The instructor paced the stage, declaiming "biased estimates" and "unbiased estimates." His content was to the point, but his delivery numbing. A glaze fell over the audience. Some returned to the newspapers, a few dozed. Two walked out. Kennedy took notes steadily. "The only class I take notes in," he said. "The rest I can pretty much get by reading the text. But, geez, I wish he'd crack a joke now and then."

When the class was over, the boy in the "Florida" shirt asked Kennedy if he'd read the *Digest*. "If you haven't, read the personals column," he said.

Kennedy opened to the classified page. The first item leaped at him: "Jim Kennedy: are you available?"

"Terri will kill me," he said.

continued

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The Student *continued*

The Girl

Terri Matheis is little more than half Jim Kennedy's size. She has black hair and eyes so liquid brown they appear to be black, too. Her manner is retiring; she does not take charge of conversations. Terri is a psychology major, a year ahead of Kennedy in school. They have been "close" since high school when, he likes to remind her, she used to drive down from her Catholic school to pick him up for lunch at his Catholic school. Though they are not engaged, there is a proprietary interest, mutually held. Kennedy's mother thinks of Terri as "part of the family" and takes her side when Jim gives her a hard time, "which I do," he admitted. "But the fact is, none of the other girls I've met ever measured up to her."



His players don't warm to Norm Stewart, but they concede he can find diagnostic truths.

"We had one class together in accounting," said Kennedy. "I had her sit in front of me because her shoulders are narrow and I could read off her papers. Trouble was she'd turn her head and her chin stuck out so far I couldn't see."

"At least my hair's not falling out," said Terri. "At least I'm not getting *bald*."

"Massage," he said. "Massage is the answer. My father's hair was thin. Why do you always talk about my hair?"

"You started on my chin," said Terri. "You *always* start it."

They were having celebration lasagna at La Cantina d'Italia in downtown Columbia, Kennedy in a jacket without a tie, Terri strikingly pretty in a black dress and earrings and high heels. The occasion was her 22nd birthday. She celebrated with a wine cooler, he with draft beer.

"How does it feel to go out with a younger man?" he said. He told how at the last game she sat behind the bench and he didn't know it until he heard a voice crying, "Do it for me, Jim, do it for me! It's my birthday."

"Don't do that on your next birthday," Kennedy said. "I was having enough problems."

"Don't blame me if you can't make a basket."

Kennedy said talk of his liaison with the pompon girl had reached the mainland almost as soon as he did. He said "after Terri heard it from sorority sisters," he confessed everything. "Every time I make a move in the Kappa Gamma house it gets back to Terri."

"Everybody's against you," Terri said.

"When my mom heard about it, she lectured me 30 minutes on the phone. My little sister wouldn't even talk to me."

Terri was conciliatory. She said the truth was that the accelerated social life at a big university—the prospects of new entanglements—had not changed Jim that much. "He's really the same solid person. He gets it from his family."

She said campus morals probably hadn't changed that much over the years, but the kids today were "more open." A favorite campus legend, Kennedy said, was that of the six columns that have stood over the Red campus "almost forever." The legend is that every time a girl gets through Missouri still a virgin, the school erects another column.

"It'd be easier if it weren't for the parties," he said, "and the fact there's about a two-to-one ratio of girls to boys on the campus."

"There is no such thing, and certainly not for you. For you it's one-to-one."

"I can't make any promises."

Terri screwed up her face.

"Times change. Even Coach Stewart recognizes the need for change once in a while. He had old-fashioned rules about hair over the collar and ties and coats on road trips—the same ugly mustard gold blazers. Everybody looking like altar boys. You couldn't wear anything but high-top Converse shoes. He laid the rules down, and if a guy didn't like it, see you later.

"We lost eight guys in three years. My freshman year, the more he got on us the worse we played. We lost eight straight games and 11 of our last 13. Some guys he rode just couldn't take it. I think he learned a lot from that. He's easier-going this year. This season he let us make our own rules. We met on it. We decided to have three rules: no cigarettes, no drugs, no alcoholic beverages, except beer. The brothers were big for beer. I voted for hard liquor."

"You did not."

"Yes, I did. Smoking was no problem. I can't stand the smell."

"You ever try grass?"

"Once. Everybody had been telling me how good it made you feel, and I got one and puffed it about two hours. All I got was a sore throat."

"You're awful."

"Now if I can figure out a way to get your brother to move out of your apartment. . . ."

Terri laughed. "I tell people my brother shares my apartment and they don't believe it. It's true. He's a sophomore. Jim can't stand it."

"I like him. I really do. I mean, he means well, but geez, he's got his nose in the books all the time. He's in bed every night at quarter to 11. I'm just getting set for a little Johnny Carson and he wants to go to bed. And his grades are no better than mine."

"Some people have to work harder for grades. It comes easy for you."

"Baloney."

"Did you go to your 7:40 today?"

"You know how those 7:40s are."

"Norman will get you."

"No, he won't. I'm on to Stormin' Norman. I have heard on good authority that he was *really* wild when he was in school." Kennedy smiled happily.

The Coach

Norm Stewart has coached the Missouri basketball team for nine years. In the two seasons before his return to Columbia, where he was a Helms All-America in 1956, the Tigers won six of 49 games; since then they have had only two losing seasons. The current team won a record of 24 regular-season games and two more in the playoffs before losing to Michigan. It was Missouri's first appearance in the NCAA tournament in 32 years.

Stewart is a tall man with an imperious bulldog jaw, a wry wit and a reputation for devouring recalcitrant young athletes and impatient young journalists. His players do not warm to him so much as they respect

continued



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The Student *continued*

his ability to coach the game, to find diagnostic truths in the heat of play. He is not unaware of their feelings. "They think I'm a hard guy," he said, the thin line of his lips rising at the corners of his impressive jaw. Last Christmas the team gave him a toilet seat with the University of Missouri seal on it. "I know what they were trying to tell me," he said.

Stewart's budget runs around $200,000 a year, he spends $15,000 recruiting. It cost virtually nothing to recruit Jim Kennedy, he being right up the road in St. Louis waiting for the call.

"He wasn't a blue-chipper in high school, but he is now," said Don Kelley, one of Stewart's assistant coaches.

"He's gifted," said Stewart. "When he grits his teeth and goes to the basket he's about as good as anybody. I'd just like to see him be more intense on defense."

Players and coaches were mustered in limby knots on the beds and chairs and floors of two adjoining rooms in a motel in Lawrence, Kansas, coaches and team having flown in for a crucial night game with rival Kansas. The budget allowed for just the two rooms for the 12 players and coaches to relax in before the game. They had left Columbia in midmorning in three twin-engine planes. Kennedy got to fly in the best of them, a seven-seater Cessna 402 that Stewart reserves for the starting team while he himself takes a slower model.

During the dead time between arrival and the pregame afternoon meal, the players lolled in the rooms. Stewart got a spades game going in one, with Scott Sims as his partner, and turned the volume up on a Western song. In the other room, Kennedy turned the pages of his $15 *Business Financial Management* text and put it down for the second time. "Very dry," he said.

"Coach loves that hillbilly music, doesn't he?" said Danny Van Rheen.

"He really had it going last summer," said Kennedy. "We took this float down the Current River in southeast Missouri, *way* down in the sticks, practically in Arkansas, and he put on his Merle Haggard tape and his cowboy hat and really got it going."

"Why a canoe trip?"

"To develop a close-knit group. Team harmony and all that. I know that's what he has in mind, and with this team it works."

In the other room, Stewart was dealing and telling a story about coming to Law-

continued

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rence as a player for a game and going into the dressing room at halftime to find a foot of snow on the floor. A window had been left open. He suggested sabotage.

"What happened in the second half?"

"We beat hell out of 'em," he said.

Three taxis transported the team to the Kansas field house. Ankles were taped, and the players sat around studying game programs, looking for some meaning in the weights and measures. Stewart's pregame talk was a model of urgency and expertise.

"Set the double and go . . . push that wing man out here and start cat-'n'-mousing . . . when this man button-hooks, you got to get off, get off . . . if they start out zone, Jimmy, I want you in the middle. . . . You're going to have a physical game here, you can't be reacting to the crowd or the officials. You can't be tense, but you've got to be intent."

Clap, clap, clap. The players began a rhythmic applause and surrounded Stewart, Kennedy rising from his spot off to one side. "Let's go, baby!" "Let's do it, No. 42," "Do it, Big D!" *Clap, clap.* "Get after 'em, Jimbo. Let's go, Bo!"

"Now listen," said Stewart, his voice falling. "There are nuts in every town. When we go out there they'll be yelling and maybe throwing things, but when you get to the floor, *run* on the floor. Make it tough. Make it tough as hell. Everyone, *everyone* can do something in this game. Make up your mind. O.K."

When they went out, the Kansas crowd greeted them with slander and ridicule. Stewart looked up at the far end of the arena, where a small band in motley dress—but mostly Tiger black and gold—thumped and boomed. "See where they put the Mini-Mizzou?" he said. "Section 11. Best band in the league, and everybody's scared to death of 'em." He grinned.

The Missouri team was not so scary. Kansas took the lead and held it. Only Willie Smith, Missouri's best player and high scorer, responded to the distant beseeching of the Mini-Mizzou. At halftime Missouri trailed by five points. Kennedy was off form; one of his shots missed the basket entirely and, too eager on defense, he accumulated fouls.

In the snow-free dressing room Kennedy took a back seat for the halftime talk and sucked on an orange wedge. Stewart was conciliatory. His voice suggesting revelation, he said, "You know what? They've just played the best half they've played all year, and you've played your worst, and you're still only five points behind. What does that tell you?"

Missouri closed the gap, but could not pull away. The game came, taut, to the finish. Stewart maintained a remarkable benchside calm, calling out instructions, conducting time-out seminars. But Kennedy could not shake his torpor and, piqued, engaged in an impromptu wrestle with a Kansas player he had been wearing on his neck. A double foul was called, Kennedy's fifth. He was waved to the bench, behind which a tiny black-haired girl commiserated loudly.

Missouri lost the lead with seconds to go, then, miraculously, won on a tip-in by Smith, who could barely be seen in the flailing of arms under the basket. The gun went off as the ball sifted through the net.

"Nothing to it," said Stewart.

A 40-mph tail wind speeded the journey home. The players dipped into snack bags of sandwiches, milk and apples, and slowly wound down. Despite his bad night, Kennedy did not brood. He had rejoiced with the players at the finish, pounding backs and pumping hands, and did not sulk on the ride home. "I hate it when a guy sulks because *he* hasn't done well, even though the team wins," he said.

The lights of Kansas prairie towns bled into the lights of Missouri prairie towns. The team was received at the Columbia Regional Airport by a small delegation of relatives huddled in the hangar office.

"When the football team came home from beating Alabama, the road to the airport was so jammed you couldn't get here if you wanted to," Kennedy said.

"Everybody's probably home studying," Kim Anderson said, smiling.

"That's all right, tomorrow night's Face Time," said Van Rheen.

The Hangout

One block south of Broadway in downtown Columbia, at 10th Street, virtually under the same roof, are the La Cantina d'Italia restaurant, the Harvest Moon restaurant (conceded to be the best in town) and a sprawling, low-slung disco lounge with wooden accents called Harpo's. On any Thursday night, Harpo's is the dead center for the consumption of draft and bottled beer. Harpo's features unlive entertainment (tapes, a radio), an obscure fireplace, pinball and bowling machines, Tiffany lamps and a 50¢ drink called a Mau Mau. None of these is the principal attraction. Thursday night is Face Time at Harpo's, the appointed hour for a massive exchange of check-outs. J-schoolers in their Woody's wear, Ag-schoolers in their pointed boots, athletes in their motley styles, lady professors in their tight jeans—they all crowd in by nine, all the seats and booths taken and the waitresses lost in a hive of table-hoppers and minglers.

"Hey, Jimbo, where's the chicks?"

"Hey, Moose, you're sweating."

Kennedy was braced inside the door by a bearded, heavy-chested young man wearing a "Hawaii 76" T shirt. A horn man for the Mini-Mizzou, Kennedy said.

"Where's the chicks, Bo? You always come in with the chicks."

"Sure I do," said Kennedy, and steered Terri inside by her elbow.

Scott Sims was already there, a couple of beers ahead. He said it had not been his week, and moved away. On the far side of the room, Danny Van Rheen and his blonde J-schooler Allison had captured a booth. Kennedy and Terri pushed for it. Just as they sat down, a short, muscular young man loomed over them.

"Hey, Meat, what's going on?" asked Kennedy.

"Party at the Pit Saturday night, but get home early tonight. You're in training."

In real life, Kennedy said, "Meat" was Bob McRoberts. He characterized him as a small but incredibly fierce defensive end, and a "crazy man. He'll do anything. He loves it when it's cold—runs around in flimsy shirts. Always got the sniffles. But Meat's got the one thing I'd really like to have."

"His girl?"

"No, his Jeep. His yellow CJ-5. The perfect vehicle. Got everything on it, including a tow bar. You know what he did one night? He ran his Jeep onto the lawn of the Kappa Alpha house and rammed into their cannon three or four times until it fell apart. I don't know how he got out of that."

A girl with a large expanse of gums came to the table to "wish Terri a happy birthday." Two other girls trailed behind her. "They're dying to meet Jim," she said, looking at Terri for approval. "Do you mind?" she asked.

Terri smiled and said no. She had put her wine cooler aside in favor of a glass of milk and was sipping it. "My stomach," she said, smiling in embarrassment. "Don't worry. The milk makes it go away."

Kennedy and Terri left before midnight.

continued

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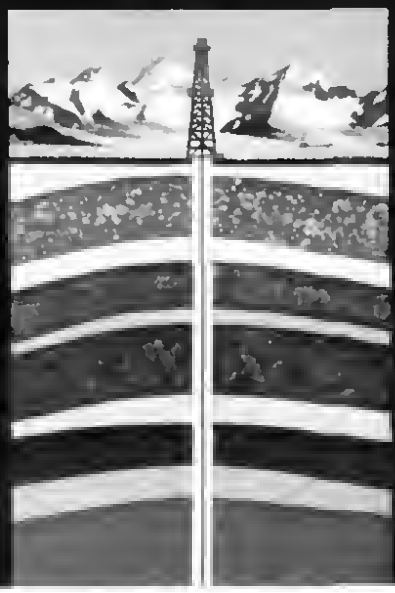
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The Student *continued*

The Mother

Peggy Kennedy is almost six feet tall, a big-boned woman with salt-and-pepper hair and a forthright manner that calls to mind the actress who plays TV's Maude. She married James Kennedy Sr. when he was with the FBI before World War II, and now, with some trepidation, follows the paths he cut as a furniture salesman, selling her line of decorator accessories. She does it "to get out," she said, not having to do much mothering for daughters who are 14, 22 and 23. "I can't tell the older ones when to come in anymore," she said.

"The thing about Jim," his mother said, "is that he has always been a good boy. No goody-goody, I don't mean that. Just a neat guy, you know? Absolutely no trouble raising. I could have raised 50 Jimmys to one girl."

She sat in the lobby of the Campus Inn on game day waiting for Kennedy to join her for breakfast. She said she had driven all the way from St. Louis by herself, the first time she'd ever done it. Ordinarily a daughter brings her, she said, but none was available. "I had to solo. I was scared to death, but I'm here." She nodded her head proudly and winked, adjusting the tilt of her tinted glasses.

She said Jim and his father had had "a neat relationship. You could see how close they had gotten. He doesn't say so, but I can still feel how it hurts him when he comes home, when he walks into the house."

She said her husband had predicted that Jim would someday play for the Big Eight championship. She said they had been grateful he was able to play under "such wonderful men as Coach Stewart and Coach Kelley." And as for Terri, she said, "How could he be so lucky? Don't you just love that girl?"

She said, "Jimmy never asks for anything. I mean, he has to have his back to the wall before he comes to me. I suppose he withdraws about $50 a month from his bank account. But he'd rather do without than ask."

It had begun to snow in Columbia and by midafternoon the parking lot at the Hearnes Multipurpose Building was a dirty white sherbet. Lines were already forming at the gates when Kennedy drove his Mustang in and he and Danny got out. "Gonna be a big crowd tonight," he said.

Quarters for the Tigers at Hearnes are small, but modern and comfortable. Each player's name is engraved on a plastic strip over his dressing cubicle, and there is a compartment for valuables, each with a combination lock. A sign advises that BIG EIGHT CHAMPIONS ARE MADE, NOT BORN. The Staple Singers hammer out a locker-room favorite: *Do it again, do it again. . . .*

The doors were unlocked at 6:30 and the crowd thundered in, risking life and limb scrambling over the too-steep chair backs to get down to the choice locations. By game time the announcer was able to report that it was the biggest crowd of the year, 11,847. The crowd applauded lustily. The clamorous Mini-Mizzou added its approval from a select spot underneath the east basket.

continued

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The Student *continued*

Missouri beat Nebraska in overtime, principally because of the continued fine play of Willie Smith and Kim Anderson. Kennedy, still off form, took only six shots, but made five. He hung around the auditorium afterward, visiting with his mother and Terri. He told Terri to wait and he'd get the Mustang and bring it around to pick her up so she wouldn't have to tackle the snow.

Outside, black and white athletes split into groups and went their separate ways. It was something seen everywhere, and nothing anyone seemed able or inclined to do anything about. A matter of "selection," Kennedy said, though he added the players sometimes mixed at parties.

He was halfway back to Tiger Towers before he realized he had forgotten Terri. When he got back to the auditorium, a J-schooler was waiting with her; he had offered to take her home. Kennedy told him to "bug off."

The next morning Kennedy was at Terri's apartment early, and with the weather already warming again took her for a ride down to the river. It was breezy still, but the sun was out, and he had a six-pack, and they stayed three hours.

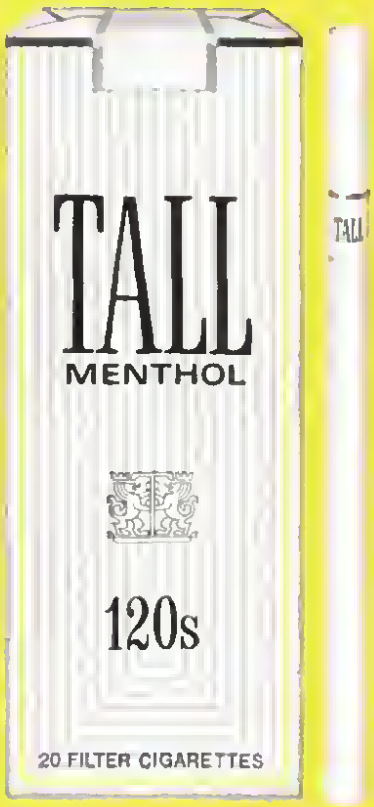
Two weeks later Missouri won the Big Eight championship with victories over Kansas State and Colorado. Kennedy played brilliantly against a favored Kansas State team in Manhattan, scoring 15 points and—more important—playing aggressive defense and leading the team with 12 rebounds. Afterward, however, he preferred to tell how great Willie Smith had been, scoring 38 points "and just going wild." A crowd estimated at close to 300 came to the Columbia airport to meet the team.

Kennedy's mother drove down for the final, anticlimactic game with Colorado. Kennedy told her how Coach Stewart was "beside himself" winning the championship and "how pleased" he was for Stewart. "It's his life," he said. Mrs. Kennedy took her son by the arm and walked him away from the group.

"You've wanted that Jeep for years," she said soberly. "I know you have, and I wanted you to have it. I've shopped around and looked at the prices, and it's just out of the question. So here." She handed him the keys to a 1975 Jeep CJ-5. Just like Meat's, only green.

He told her to please pass the keys to the Mustang on to his other sister. And never mind what happened to the coat hanger. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 22-28

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA In the Midwest, Detroit rolled to its fifth victory in a row, beating New York 122–116, Kansas City 130–117, Chicago 85–77 and Portland 112–94. The skein propelled the 31-43 Pistons to within a game of division-leading Milwaukee, which was 1-3 for the week. Kansas City (1-2) was three games off the pace and the hapless Bulls were winless in three. Seattle (2-1), Phoenix (3-0) and Los Angeles (2-1) grappled for the second and third spots in the Pacific, third place assuring the conference's wild-card spot. The Suns' Paul Westphal hit a pro career-high 39 against the SuperSonics and 27 twice in games with Atlanta and Kansas City. Tops in the Central was Washington, in spite of a four-game losing streak which ended with a 99–84 pasting of the Bulls. A game to the rear, Cleveland (1-2) suffered its second loss in its last 16 homa appearances, 109–94 to Buffalo, prompting garrulous Cavalier Coach Bill Fitch to say, "I give them [the Braves] the game ball and we'll take the aspirin." Boston clinched the Atlantic Division with a 100–94 victory over New York. Earlier the Knicks, sparked by Earl Monroe's 35 points, staved off elimination from the playoffs by derailing the Celtics 105–103.

ABA After losing to Indiana 107–104, third-place San Antonio played heads-up ball, reeling off three straight against Denver 135–122, St. Louis 120–108 and Kentucky 108–90. New York, 3½ games behind the ever-golden Nuggets, won two with St. Louis and clinched no worse than third place and a semifinal playoff berth after edging the defending champion Colonels 109–106. The Nuggets beat Indiana twice, nipped Virginia in overtime and bowed to the Colonels, 118–117. The cellar-dwelling Squires, boosted by rookie Guard Ticky Burden's 42 points, also tripped Kentucky 128–122.

BOWLING—MARK ROTH, of Staten Island, N.Y., defeated Larry Laub 238–202 in the finals of the $100,000 Rolaids Open in Florissant, Mo.

BOXING—RODRIGO VALDES of Colombia retained his WBC middleweight crown with a fourth-round TKO of France's Max Cohen in Paris.

Argentina's VICTOR GALINDEZ knocked out light-heavyweight challenger Harald Skog of Norway in the third round in Oslo to keep his WBA title.

CURLING—The U.S. rink from Hibbing, Minn. defeated Scotland 6–5 to win the world championship in Duluth (*page 61*).

GOLF—HUBERT GREEN won his third straight tournament, the Sea Pines Heritage Classic at Hilton Head Island, S.C., shooting a final-round two-over-par 73 for a 10-under 274, five strokes better than Jerry McGee (*page 62*).

GYMNASTICS—NADIA COMANECI, 14, of Rumania, and BART CONNER, 18, of Morton Grove, Ill., scoring an astonishing 39.75 (of 40) and 56.45 (of 60) points respectively, won the women's and men's American Cup titles at Madison Square Garden. Kathy Howard of Oklahoma City finished second to Comaneci, the European champion, with 38.10 points. Dan Grecu of Rumania and the U.S.S.R.'s Vladimir Markelov tied for second place behind Conner with 56.35 points.

COLLEGE HOCKEY—MINNESOTA upset defending champion Michigan Tech 6–4 for its second NCAA title in the last three years in Denver.

HOCKEY—NHL The Chicago Black Hawks clung to a narrow lead in the Smythe over surging Vancouver. The Canucks skated past the Patrick runner-up New York Islanders 5–2 and split two games with Los Angeles. Patrick champion Philadelphia tied Minnesota 3–3, Boston 4–4 and slammed the New York Rangers 4–1. The previous night the Rangers were eliminated from the playoffs for the first time since 1966, falling to Buffalo 7–3. Boston clinched the Adams when the Bruins tied Montreal 2–2. Earlier they tied Pittsburgh and the Flyers and beat Chicago 4–2. Buffalo also defeated Washington 4–1 and Toronto 4–2, but could not catch the Bruins. Pittsburgh's Pierre Larouche became the youngest player in the league (20) to get 100 points in a season when he scored a goal in the Penguins' 5–5 tie with the Bruins. Pittsburgh and Los Angeles dueled for second place in the Norris, 41 and 42 points behind Montreal respectively.

WHA New England retained its tenuous grip on first in the tight East, 38-year-old Ralph Backstrom scoring his 34th and 35th goals of the season for the Whalers in a 4–1 defeat of Calgary. A point behind, Indianapolis was 2-0-1 to extend its unbeaten string to nine. And a few points back of the Racers were Cleveland and Cincinnati, both 1-2 during the week. Canadian leader Winnipeg lost its only game 3–2 to Edmonton, while Quebec beat the Oilers 7–5 and Calgary 6–4 and fell to the Crusaders 3–1. Houston's Murray Hall scored three goals in the first period of a 5–1 rout of the Stingers. The Aeros split their two other games beating the Crusaders 3–2 then falling to the Racers. Phoenix lost to the Stingers and won a pair with San Diego.

HORSE RACING—AN ACT ($6.20), Laffit Pincay Jr. up, beat Double Discount by a neck to win the $157,700 Santa Anita Derby, covering the 1⅛ miles in 1.48. Favored Telly's Pop finished out of the money (*page 52*).

MOTOR SPORTS—CLAY REGAZZONI, of Switzerland, in a Ferrari, sped to an easy victory over Niki Lauda of Austria in the U.S. Grand Prix West in Long Beach, Calif. (*page 22*).

SOCCER—The TAMPA BAY ROWDIES won the NASL indoor soccer championship in St. Petersburg, Fla., beating the Rochester Lancers 6–4. Third place went to defending champion San Jose, which defeated Dallas 6–2.

SPEED SKATING—The U.S.S.R.'s GALINA STEPANSKAYA shattered her week-old 3,000-meter world record by 9.59 seconds, clocking a 4:31 in Kazakhstan, U.S.S.R.

SWIMMING—American records were set by TIM SHAW of Long Beach State in the 500 freestyle (4:19.05) and 1,650 free (15:06.76), by Indiana's JIM MONTGOMERY in the 200 free (1:36.53) and by USC's relay teams in the 400 free (2:57.54) and 800 free (6:33.13) in the NCAA championships in Providence, R.I. USC drubbed Tennessee 398–237 for the team title (*page 24*).

TENNIS—Winning her fourth tournament in her last six tries, EVONNE GOOLAGONG trounced Virginia Wade 6–2, 6–0 in the Virginia Slims tournament in Boston.

TRACK & FIELD—STEVE WILLIAMS equalled the world 100-meter record of 9.9 for the fourth time at the Florida Relays in Gainesville.

MILEPOSTS—AWARDED To Toronto, an American League franchise to begin play in 1977. Labatt's Breweries purchased it for a reported $7 million.

NAMED As head basketball coach at Ohio State, ELDON MILLER who had an 86-68 record in his six years at Western Michigan. He replaces Fred Taylor, who resigned last month.

DIED JOHN LOFTUS, 80, first jockey to win the Triple Crown when he guided Sir Barton to Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont victories in 1919, in Carlshad, Calif. In his 11 year career Loftus had over 500 wins in some 2,000 races, including nine on Man o' War, whom he also rode in his sole defeat.

DIED FRED SCHMERTZ, 87, director from 1934 to 1974 of New York's Millrose Games, the oldest still-active indoor invitational track meet, in Baton Rouge.

CREDITS

Cover photograph by Rich Clarkson and James Drake. 15—drawing by Arno Kath. 20, 21—Rich Clarkson. 24, 25—Eric Schweikardt. 26, 27—Jane Stewart; [l.] Fred Kaplan. Black Star; Herb Scharfman. 28—Jane Stewart; John Olson; Herb Scharfman. 33—Co Rentmeester. 34, 35—Neil Leifer; Co Rentmeester. 36, 37—Co Rentmeester; Neil Leifer; Stephen Green-Armytage. 49—Courtesy Ford. 50—John D. Hanlon. 52—George Long. 55—Richard Mackson. 61—Heinz Kluetmeier. 62—Walter Iooss Jr. 85—A. H. Colyer, Tim Rowls, Sam Greene; St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FACES IN THE CROWD



REGINA BARNES became the youngest Life Master in bridge history when she placed second in a section of a Master Pairs event in Sacramento 29 days before turning 15. Regina began playing at nine and won her first tournament before she was 10.



CHRIS WOO, a senior at Punahou (Hawaii) High, won the 100-yard breaststroke in 55.99 at the state swimming championships at the University of Hawaii, setting a national high school record and bettering his time of 56.66 set in trials the day before.



RALPH TASKER, basketball coach at Hobbs (N. Mex.) High won his 600th game when the Eagles trounced Ysleta High 115–87. Tasker, who has coached the Eagles 27 years, led them to the state 4-A finals and was named New Mexico Coach of the Year.



LYNN MAXWELL, a freshman at Tilghman High in Paducah, Ky., set a meet record for the girls high school 70-yard dash with a time of 7.8 at Louisville's Mason-Dixon games. As an eighth-grader last year, Lynn won the girls' prep 220 in 24.7.



JOE FRIEDA, a 9-year-old from Florissant, Mo., is the youngest person in the U.S. to become a first-degree black belt in Tae Kwon Do karate, a Korean version of the sport, in which use of the feet is emphasized. Joe weighs 50 pounds and stands 4'1".



ANN MARIE KOSCIOLEK, a senior at Marian Catholic High School in Tamaqua, Pa., became the first girl prep basketball player in the state to score 2,000 points, pouring in 32 in a 68–21 victory over Shenandoah. She averaged 29.9 points in 28 contests this season.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

DAN AND DORAL

Sir:

As an avid SI fan, I groan when an issue is not graced with a Dan Jenkins golf article. *Invitation to a Watery Grave* (March 22) is one of his best.

Also, I thoroughly enjoyed the LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER in which Jenkins described his struggle with Doral's 18th hole.

GREG BRANCH

Omaha

Sir:

Because Dan Jenkins was accompanied in his assault on Doral's 18th by Jack Tuthill, PGA tour director and one of the men most knowledgeable about the rules of golf, I was disappointed with Dan's statement that he "dropped a provisional ball" after hitting his second shot into the water.

This was not a provisional ball but a ball put into play with a penalty after dropping out of a water hazard, Rule 33-2a. A provisional ball is a ball hit provisionally if a ball may be lost outside a water hazard or may be out of bounds, Rule 30-1.

RICHARD S. SILVER
Member
USGA Public Links Committee
New York City

• Jenkins stands corrected on the rule but says *all* his shots are provisional.—Ed.

PERCEPTIVE RACER

Sir:

Pat Jordan's portrait of Phil Hill (*The Winner Who Walked Away*, March 22) captures far more of this sensitive and intelligent man than I would have thought possible. Having spent many hours talking with Phil about racing, I can only say that Jordan has superbly conveyed the agonizing process of *thinking* it out that Phil went through.

I don't believe any other race driver has ever been able to face the truth of what he was doing the way Phil did. I am pleased to see that he is finally getting recognition, not only for what he has achieved as a driver but also for what he is as a human being.

There is only one aspect of Phil that did not come through as clearly as it might. He is the most enthusiastic person I have ever met when he gets wound up.

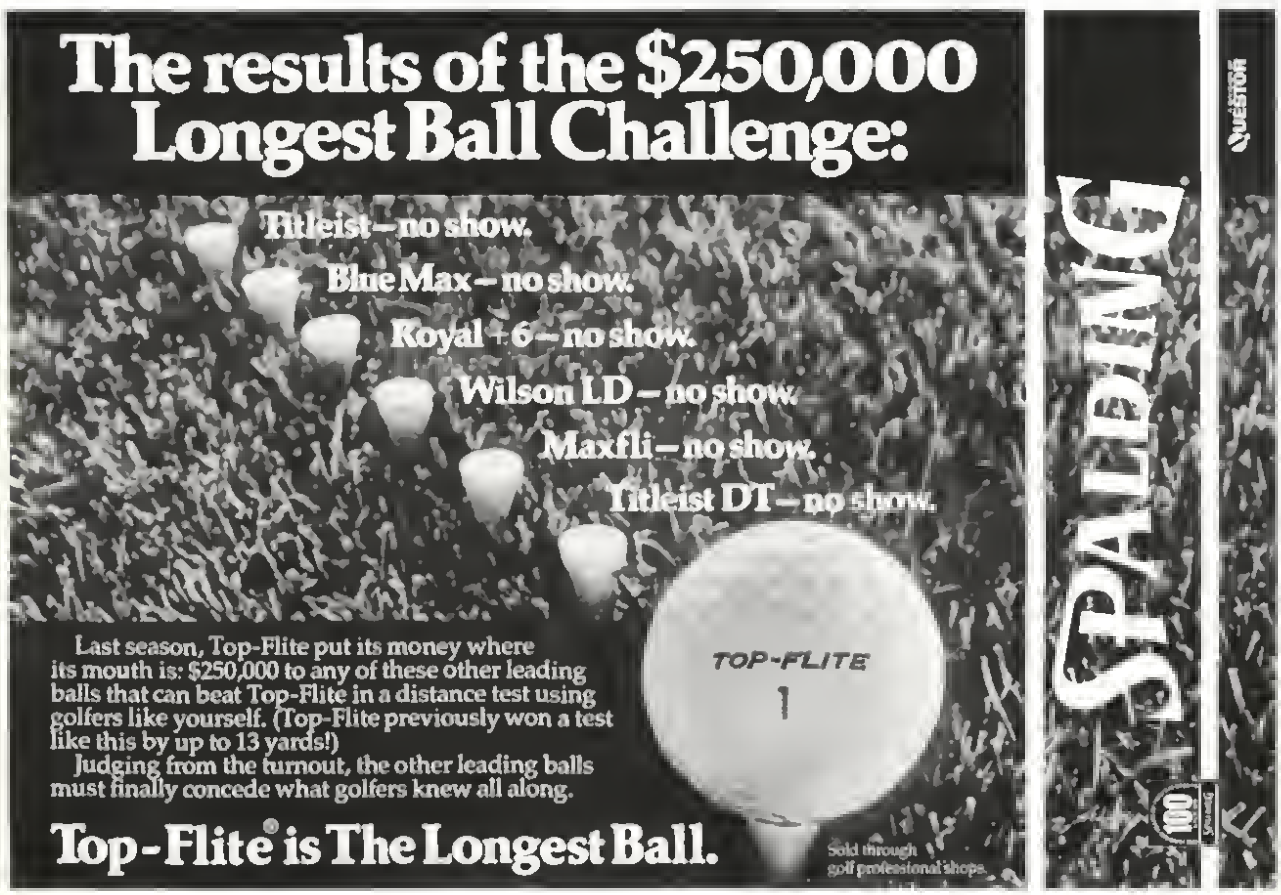
ROBERT DUNCAN
Producer
The American Sportsman
New York City

PINNING IT DOWN

Sir:

Upon reading your article on the NCAA wrestling championships (*Making Sure of a Sure Thing*, March 22), I was struck by the injustice done to the University of Wisconsin wrestling team and its three individual champions, especially Lee Kemp. In February, Kemp, a sophomore, dropped down

. continued



Do you plead nolo contendere when legal questions arise?

If you're not a lawyer, you probably don't know the definition of nolo contendere. In essence, it means giving up without a fight.

Do that in legal matters, dear friend, and you could be in big trouble

The business of law is pretty complex, right down to the language. That's why it takes so long to become a lawyer. And that's why it makes so much sense to get a lawyer's assistance when legal questions come up.

Write a homemade will or contract, for instance, and it could wither in a court of law. Your attorney can make sure that won't happen.

The best defense.

Seeing an attorney is like seeing a doctor The best time is before any big problems arise.

Your lawyer should be someone whose judgement and ability you trust. Someone with whom you can talk freely. By keeping him up to date, he can anticipate legal difficulties and keep your affairs in order.

And don't be surprised if you save yourself time and money in the long run. Not to mention possible embarrassment

Talk is unexpectedly cheap.

If you avoid consulting an attorney, because you think it'll cost too much, think again. You'll probably find the cost for asking a lawyer's advice is usually quite reasonable. It's a real bargain compared to the costs of some full-blown legal problems.

And if it does concern you, talk about the fee ahead of time. Most lawyers will take your financial situation into consideration before setting a fee.

The whole truth.

You probably wonder why Chicago Title Insurance Company is interested in telling you about lawyers. After all, we're in the business of insuring title to real estate, not practicing law.

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from his normal 158-pound class to meet—and defeat—Chuck Yagla of Iowa, the Outstanding Wrestler of the NCAA tournament. Kemp also wrestled Dan Gable, Olympic gold-medal winner and assistant coach at Iowa, and beat him. Kemp finished the season 39-0. Now tell me, who is the MVP of college wrestling!

GEORGE H. ZIMMERMAN
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Sir:

Douglas Looney's article was informative. Iowa is a powerhouse, and Chuck Yagla deserves all the good things said about him. But you gave the other repeat winner, Lehigh's 134-pound Mike Frick, only half a sentence. Frick was the Outstanding Wrestler last year and he hasn't lost since. He also beat tough Pat Milkovich of Michigan State. Milkovich is a two-time NCAA champion and was twice runner-up.

TONY NORDLAND
Encinitas, Calif.

Sir:

You referred to Jimmy Jackson as Oklahoma's heavyweight. He is Oklahoma State's heavyweight. On his way to the finals Jackson decisively beat defending NCAA heavyweight champion Larry Bielenberg of Oregon State 9–2 and then beat last year's runner-up Greg Gibson of Oregon 5–3.

ERIC MILSTEAD
Stillwater, Okla.

BIKECENTENNIAL SUPPORT

Sir:

I wish to compliment SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on its coverage of cycling the back roads of America (*The Road to Independence*, March 1). Your treatment of bicycle touring adds refreshing perspective to this healthful means of travel.

I would like to clarify the section on support of the Bikecentennial. Datsun and Raleigh have given valuable assistance to keep the project going. However, it was with the aid of American contributors that the program was launched. The Wally Byam Foundation (Airstream travel trailers) gave the original seed money, along with the Huffman Manufacturing Co. (Huffy bicycles). Other helpful contributions came from the Bicycle Manufacturers Association, Coachmen Industries (motor homes) and the Shimano Industrial Corp. (Japanese bicycle parts manufacturer).

DAN BURDEN
Executive Director
Bikecentennial
Missoula, Mont.

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